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EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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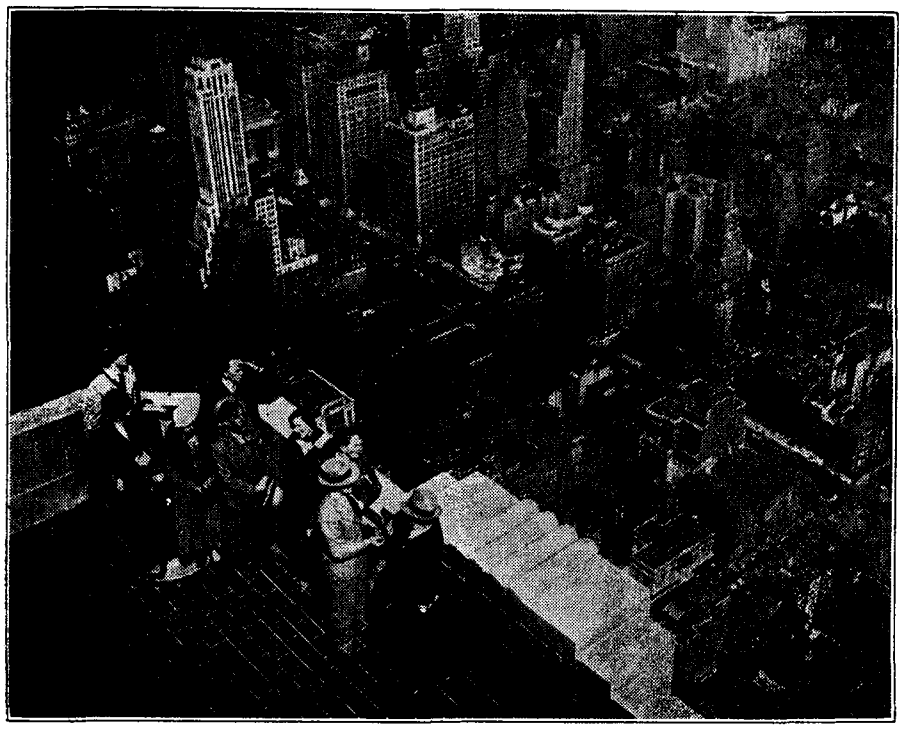
NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART



CINQ JOURS À NEW-YORK

French and Belgian tourists photographed last week on top of the Empire State Building. (Wide World Photo.)

A Full-Bodied Tale

FIVE SILVER DAUGHTERS. By Louis Golding. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by STANLEY WENT

MR. GOLDING gives us in his new book what it seemed to this reviewer "Magnolia Street" lacked —that is, sweep and action and the sense of progress. There were moments, as I recall, in reading "Magnolia Street" when I felt that I knew that thoroughfare, every stone and cobble of it, quite as intimately as there was any need for a reader to know it, and while I appreciated the author's descriptive powers I wished that he would give them a wider scope. It was heresy, acccording to most of my fellow-reviewers, but there it was.

I suppose I am really a romantic soul—what Heywood Broun would call an "old softie"—but I prefer my realism in a high-ball rather than straight, and I like the new fashion—or the return to the old—of diluting it with romance. None could complain of lack of realism in Mr. Golding's new novel: there are precisely the same qualities that made "Magnolia Street" the outstanding work that it was; but also there is running through the fortunes of the five Silver sisters and their parents a vein of high romance, and there is so much action that the author takes the Bolshevik revolution in Russia and the inflationary period of post-war Germany in his stride. From start to finish there is hardly a dull page in all of the 513 of 11-point Granjon type that make the book, and the slight thread of highly romantic plot, involving the feud between a White Russian spy and the grimmest of grim Leninists, is well and skilfully woven into the fabric of the story.

The beginnings of the tale are in Oleander Street, which runs parallel with Magnolia Street, in the kitchen of Sam Silver, the little Russian Jew who worked for Mr. Horowitz in the latter's makeshift waterproof factory in Doomington, a manufacturing town of the north of England. In his kitchen Sam Silver loves to entertain the local anarchists on a Saturday night with "tea-with-lemon," the brewing of which was very nearly the only house-

(*Continued on page 677*)

T. S. Eliot and Original Sin

AFTER STRANGE GODS. A Primer of Modern Heresy. By T. S. Eliot. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Company. 1934. $1.25.

Reviewed by WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

IN this slim book Mr. Eliot refers to an essay he wrote some years ago, "Tradition and the Individual Talent," and proposes, after a lapse of time, somewhat to reformulate that matter and outline it as he now conceives it, as more than a purely literary problem.

In the end he states, as quite logically he would, his beliefs being what they are, that he holds by the doctrine of Original Sin. ["Of Man's first disobedience and the Fruit of that Forbidden Tree," etc., etc.] But he attacks his subject in quite a modern manner, and I have found these lectures of curious interest.

Mr. Eliot is frank in saying that he is not drawn to people who praise his poetry to the detriment of his criticism, and vice versa. I have never been able to read much of his criticism. What I have read has struck me as rather desiccated. I remain an admirer of his poetry, a good deal of it. In certain moods I find it still extremely satisfying and amusing, and often a most subtle commentary on contemporary existence. I have respect for his present religious beliefs without sharing them. My own position involves, I should be inclined to think, two terms now rather under the intellectual ban, "agnostic" and "liberal." I am not wholly either, and both seem to be rather outdated. I have a modicum of private faith, and certainly, if I examine myself dispassionately, more than a modicum of illiberality in my nature. Mr. Eliot once stated his own quite different position succinctly and clearly. Here, in his first lecture, I find a reference to that statement, which all who are interested in the man—as who at all interested in the literature of our time can fail to be—should be apprised of:

> Some years ago, in the preface to a small volume of essays, I made a sort of summary declaration of faith in matters religious, political, and literary. The fa-

(*Continued on page 678*)

Montparnasse Is Dead

BY LOUIS BROMFIELD

RECENTLY Harold Stearns's "Rediscovering America"* came to my hands. When I had finished with it and put it aside, two pictures came up suddenly and clearly in my mind. One was of a desolate and untidy room in Montparnasse. It was cold and the chimney smoked and the room was filled with an acrid tang of smouldering green wood. The dinner had been bad—an unforgivable thing in a country where every concierge is a good cook—and the guests were ill-assorted and not very much at ease, and in the midst of them seated in a big chair, sat Harold Stearns. It was the first and last time I ever saw him, and having read "Liberalism in America" and "America and the Young Intellectuals," when I was young and had been inspired by their sentiments I was interested. That evening he was vague and intelligent, a little disorganized and not very happy, and I found it difficult to believe that this was the same man who had written two books distinguished by clarity and a vigorous idealism. On that occasion he seemed to fit perfectly into the rather shiftless and disorganized background of a Left Bank household. That was Harold Stearns after ten years of Montparnasse. He was not the only brilliant young American who suffered from the influence.

The other memory did not concern Mr. Stearns directly but only insofar as it affected most of the liberals of that period immediately after the war. The picture was one of an elegant room filled with gold chairs in a house belonging to one of our best known liberal families. At the moment the owner was engaged in a suit-at-law to break the will of an uncle who had left most of his fortune to a great university for the purpose of providing facilities for higher education to people of modest means. In the end I believe the well-known liberal succeeded in breaking the will and securing a large share of the fortune for his own uses. That is merely by way of background. Seated on the gold chairs were a couple of hundred wealthy liberals of that caste known in those far distant days as "parlor Bolshevists." There were gowns by Worth and Vionnet and a great many pearls and in the midst of the tail-coats and ball-gowns one found a handful of rather bewildered figures, quiet and shy, like Elizabeth Gurley Flynn and Bill Heywood and Max Eastman (who outshone all the others in elegance simply because God made him that way). Lincoln Steffens had just come back from witnessing the revolution in Russia and had been invited to tell about it. It was not a pretty picture and Mr. Steffens did not spare the sensibilities. I remember that at one point he rose to melodramatic heights in describing the wholesale massacre of a party of twenty odd persons, mostly women, who belonged to the aristocracy, and unbelievable as it may seem, he was interrupted by the delicate sound of applause as bejeweled ladies elegantly tapped one hand against the other. That sort of thing is difficult to realize as fact in the hard-boiled and disillusioned day in which we are living, but it did happen, and only a little over ten years ago. It must be remembered too that the host won his case and broke the will of the "eccentric" uncle who had planned higher education for people without means.

The "parlor Bolsheviks" are dead as Kerensky and the men who brought about recognition of Russia in the end were not emotional and sentimental liberals but honest-to-God politicians who not only believed that Russia should be recognized but had reasons which were tough and realistic and they were equipped with the will and the political skill to accomplish recognition. I don't think the liberals had much to do with it. And Montparnasse is dead too, or rather it has undergone a sea change. The untidy population of Americans, driven out by the fall of the dollar, are replaced largely by Germans, and the cafés and restaurants are frequented by commercial travellers and clerks. A few of the old guard like Gertrude Stein and Janet Flanner have remained, but then they were always workers and tidy and perfectly organized as to life and ambition. Now that Montparnasse is dead and its accounts are beginning to be checked up, it is surprising how little came out of it . . . how little, I mean, considering the amount of sound and fury and trumpet blowing there was during the nineteen twenties. No one, I think, has yet become sentimental about it, but I have no doubt that the time is not far off when someone will write a new "Vie de Bohème" in which Mimi comes from Iowa and Rudolfo from Kansas City, both having taken advantage of stop-over privileges in Greenwich Village.

The twenties are beginning to recede a little and for the first time one is able to see them in perspective, detached and a little remote, and the more one studies them (looking through the wrong end of a telescope is a great aid) the more they appear to have been unbalanced, fantastic, Quixotic. Nothing which happened in them seems to make much sense . . . neither the Americans who pasted hundred franc notes on their suitcases, nor the Harding administration scandals, nor the police strike, nor the paper prosperity, nor prohibition, nor even most of the lit-

* *REDISCOVERING AMERICA. By Harold E. Stearns. New York: Liveright Publishing Corporation. 1934. $2.*

This Week

FOR EMILY DICKINSON
By HORTENSE PANDRES LANDAUER

SAINTS, SINNERS AND BEECHERS
By LYMAN BEECHER STOWE
Reviewed by Royal J. Davis

OUR ECONOMIC SOCIETY AND ITS PROBLEMS
By REXFORD GUY TUGWELL and HOWARD C. HILL
Reviewed by Henry Pratt Fairchild

IN ALL COUNTRIES
By JOHN DOS PASSOS
Reviewed by Arthur Ruhl

THE LAND OF PLENTY
By ROBERT CANTWELL
Reviewed by Henry Seidel Canby

THE DEATH SHIP
By B. TRAVEN
Reviewed by William Doerflinger

STREAMLINES
By CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

Next Week or Later

BOGUMIL DAWISON
By DON MARQUIS

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erary experiments which were to bring about the millennium. I have chosen American manifestations of the madness because Mr. Stearns is or was an American liberal (there are moments when he writes like a thorough-going Tory) and his book is about America. Europe was just as insane in the twenties, but perhaps she had more reason to be.

The two pictures and the ensuing thoughts came to mind because Mr. Stearns's book deals with all those things. He was one of our leading liberals and then suddenly, for reasons which he hints were tragic, he suddenly disappeared from the world of the *Nation* and the *New Republic* and vanished into the world of Paris or to be more exact, into the two worlds of Montparnasse and Longchamps-Auteuil-Chantilly. It was a remarkable choice of worlds and indicates, I should think, a divided character; for only those who know Paris well can conceive how remote the two worlds are from each other. For thirteen years he did not return to America, and his book is largely an account of these years and of his reactions to the America he found upon his return from voluntary exile.

Needless to say he found it very changed and discovered that many of the changes, perhaps the reforms, in behalf of which he had written long ago had since come to be realities. The record is an interesting one and Mr. Stearns has written it with admirable clarity, save at those times when he grows over-sentimental about the French people and nostalgic over the Boulevard Montparnasse and the *pelouse* at Longchamps. But it must be said that he makes no pretensions at writing anything more than a personal record and if he feels that way about the French he is quite within his rights. That is his reality, so there is in it some truth. What interested me most in the book was its confessional quality. Here for the first time I have ever encountered it, one found, whether conscious or not, the way the liberal mind works. And here I suppose

THE TERRACE OF A MONTPARNASSE CAFÉ
Sketch by Georges Leroux, from L'Illustration.

it becomes necessary to define the word "liberal" as I am using it. Like most English words it has a way of changing its color in accordance with its background.

In England the word means one thing. It is the designation of a fairly homogeneous political party and it carries with it very definite overtones of practical politics. That is not true in America. A man may be liberal and even radical in his opinions, but once he is in office the American "liberal" turns upon him, disowns him, and begins almost at once to complain of his undertakings. Wilson, whose liberal point of view can scarcely be questioned, was promptly disowned by the "liberals," and the same thing has happened to Franklin Roosevelt. And in that fact I think you come to the exact shade of meaning which the word has in America. With us a liberal is one who is above the hurly-burly of practical politics. He has no genuine or lasting political affiliations because no party is quite worthy of him, or at least never succeeds in keeping upon his high level. He is emotional. He is the self-appointed critic of radicals and tories alike. And so, because he cannot bring himself to roll up his sleeves and act through the undoubtedly faulty machinery of a democracy, he is somewhat useless. Even his writing is likely to be a little futile because it seldom reaches anyone save those like himself who do not need conversion because they are already converted.

My grandfather, who helped to found the Underground Railroad, and who did not hesitate to break a federal law if he did not believe it just and humane, once said, "a liberal who is not a politician or a man of action is likely to be a wind bag." That was certainly putting it too strongly, but the old gentleman was Scotch and one of those who believed in action and taking his fellow-citizens by the scruff of the neck and forcing them to be honest.

I certainly do not imply that Mr. Stearns is only a wind bag; he writes far too well and his mind is much too interesting. I only wonder how much difference all the efforts of himself and his liberal friends have made in the changes which have occurred during the past fifteen years. He came home to find America changed and he writes with singular intelligence of the changes, but when I had finished the book, I could not help thinking that they would have occurred just the same if the "liberals" of the twenties had never existed. In the last analysis, I suspect that reforms, political house-cleaning, liberality in point of view, are forced upon humanity by stress and calamity and circumstance. The citizenry is not to be either led or converted. It has to be hit over the head. Prohibition vanished almost over night when the American citizen felt that its vanishing would relieve his pocketbook and perhaps solve the terrifying problem of professional bootlegging, murder, and kidnapping. I suspect strongly that the new freedom of women did not come about through any emotional, idealistic, spontaneous movement generated among liberals, but because it was inevitable in the modern mechanical and economic state. I have a strong suspicion that when the time comes to act it is not the liberal who accomplishes the deed but the radical and the tory who know how to put over their causes. I wonder if it is not true that in a democratic state and in these violent times in which we live, there is really no place for the liberal and that even when he exists he is really quite useless. Someone should write a history of "liberalism" in America during the past fifteen years. I mean liberalism in the peculiarly narrow sense in which I am using it. Such a book would make interesting reading and it would remind us of a number of personalities who have sunk into obscurity or wandered into other camps in which action and accomplishment are the goals. I have a dreadful suspicion that on finishing the history one would be inclined to the belief that so far as making any difference in American life and manners and politics is concerned, most of our liberal papers might just as well never have existed.

The liberal psychology is, perhaps, a special thing, so specialized that it comes very near to being a definite psychosis. Gertrude Stein, who is very detached and realistic about the human race and has watched Montparnasse for twenty-five

HAROLD STEARNS

years through the large end of the telescope, says "all liberals have had unhappy childhoods and even if they had very happy childhoods nothing can convince them that the reverse was not true." That they are emotional, no one will, I think, deny. Few will dispute the assertion that very often they work themselves into a state of hysteria without achieving either the berserker rage of the tory or the cold dedicated fury of the communist. It is their emotions which lead them astray all too often into false reasoning and faulty observation. If they resent certain phases of the Puritan then there is no good whatever in him and nothing but good in the de Trobriand Islander who sees no connection between the sexual act and pregnancy, and enjoys himself thoroughly.

A good deal of this emotional reasoning and observation is evident in Mr. Stearns's book. In the chapter called "Church Bells and the Radio" he makes one or two remarkable statements. He accuses the Roman Catholic church of having been corrupted in its classical Romanism by the American environment, implying at the same time that it is only in America that the Church of Rome has puritanical and transcendental tendencies, thus tossing lightly out of the window the crudest of all puritanism (that which exists in Ireland) and the most mystical and ascetic of cults (that of the Roman Catholic Church in Spain). In the same chapter he overlooks the well-remembered meddling of Cardinal Hayes in birth control activities and observes that the Roman Catholic Church never descends to the bigotry and intolerance of Methodism. And also he calls France a Catholic country. I think it is quite possible to call France a Latin country or even a Roman country but scarcely a Catholic one.

In his Bohemian manifestation Mr. Stearns comes very near to being all that an expatriate is supposed to be. The word itself is old-fashioned and smells of Henry James. It was never anything but an American expression. The English or the French or the Germans never use it. Englishmen live abroad all their lives if they choose, but it never occurs to anyone to refer to them as "expatriates." The word dates from an epoch when certain Americans sought to forget their own country and become bogus Europeans. But times have changed and today I think it would be as impossible to find in Europe an old-fashioned "expatriate" as it would be to find Daisy Miller. Judging from his book Mr. Stearns cut himself off from America but at the same time did not become more French than the French. He is full of admiration, sometimes a little blind, for France, but when he writes of "The Horses" he is invincibly American. For me it was the best chapter in the book, racy, full of vitality and penetration, and it has that quality of desperate nostalgia which every genuine American living in Europe experiences in dark moments. It is hunger for the greater simplicity, the greater space, the youth of race, the quality of authenticity which is peculiarly American. Nothing in Europe can satisfy it. The author has found all of these elements at the trotting races, most authentic of all American institutions.

The chapter on Races, Colors, Confusion, Damnation, smacks of the old-fashioned "liberalism," but perhaps what the author has to say needs to be said over and over again. His chapter on Harsh Economic Realities is full of good sense and it too needs repeating again and again until we face its truth with pleasure and satisfaction. But perhaps the best chapter is that dealing with the "New" intellectuals who are the successors of the "parlor Bolshevists" of the early twenties. Here, with detachment and an almost tory cynicism and disillusionment he deals with cults and fads and imitators.

Leaving out of the picture the Marxian school, Mr. Stearns writes:

> Now the present-day American intellectual, as he terms himself, not being modern-minded at all but medieval, is afflicted with a romantic nostalgia for distinction—and sometimes he seems like a caricature of those bewildered upper-class snobs of the late Rousseauistic period and afterwards in France, those who, as Romain Rolland once put his finger on it in "Jean Christophe," aristocratic in impulse, become democratic in theory—in order to discover inferiors among their equals. In the very act of—in their very attitude towards—alleviating the distresses of the common man, they repudiate his integrity by patronizing him. They do not really believe in his quality at all—or their accent of concern would not be quite what it is. They try to imitate, in what they mistakenly imagine to be democratic terms, the "noblesse oblige" attitude that is as antiquated as the ox-cart or the halberd—and the unerring psychological give-away of that fact is that when they write for each other's delectation they search not for further clarification of the medium of common speech but for a difference of accent, which will set them apart from the common run, yet be magically crystalline to the other brothers of this curious monastic order; and it is almost pathetically amusing when they regard it as an intensification of the Whitman tradition, whereas in fact it is a repudiation of it—as a real critic, like George Santayana, could make clear to them, if they took the trouble to read him intelligently instead of ecstatically.

"Rediscovering America" is in many ways a stimulating book and it serves to revive memories, distant and now curious, of days when people sat on gold chairs to hear about the agonies of the world's most cruel and violent revolution—a revolution not accomplished by a Kerensky but by a Lenin.

For Emily Dickinson

"It is too difficult a grace
To justify the dream."

By HORTENSE PANDRES LANDAUER

THE gates were triple adamant,
The sapphire walls were seven,
Where I saw Emily's lightfoot ghost
Slip into Milton's heaven.

On the dimity apron round her waist
Were folded her narrow hands;
The Cherubim and the Seraphim stood
In massy luminous bands.

The Principalities and the Powers,
Dominions, Virtues, Thrones,
The Angels and Archangels viewed
Her small and spectral bones.

As she cast one look at the far-below world
Swung on a golden chain,
And over her valorous brow there passed
An unimmortal pain.

The Powers and Dominions flew
In cautious orbits round
The throne where their Creator sat
With flame excessive crowned.

The Cherubim and the Seraphim
Veiled their celestial gaze,
With both their wings they shunned the sight
Of His effulgent blaze;

But plucking her dimity apron straight
And setting her collar right,
Emily took three confident steps
Up to the Core of Light.

Through the terrible nimbus of His throne
Three confident steps she trod,
Till sheer in His presence Emily stood
Framed in the Glory of God.

And where the Angels were bowing blind
She widened imperative eyes
That made beyond predestined Bliss
Insatiable surmise.

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An Amazing Family

SAINTS, SINNERS AND BEECHERS. By Lyman Beecher Stowe. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1934. $3.75.

Reviewed by ROYAL J. DAVIS

IN 1852 appeared Lyman Beecher's "Views on Theology," his son Edward's "Conflict of Ages" and his daughter Harriet's "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; in the same year another daughter, Catherine, founded the first national educational organization of women, while another son, Henry Ward, had made his pulpit in Plymouth Church a national institution. Can this record be matched? Another Beecher record may be tied but cannot be or have been broken by a family with the same number of males—every one of Lyman's seven sons followed in his footsteps by becoming a preacher. If he had had seventeen instead of seven, they would all, no doubt, have done the same.

This unanimity does not mean that they all accepted their father's theology. Yet it was from the first two of the three women who were to become his wives and the mothers of his seven sons and four daughters that he received his heaviest theological jolts. Just before leaving the Yale Divinity School he put his fiancée, Roxana Foote, who was only an Episcopalian, to the supreme Calvinistic test by asking her whether she was prepared to rejoice if God should damn her for his own glory. Her reply was a logical knock-out. If to be damned meant anything, she said, it meant to be horribly wicked. The idea that for her to be horribly wicked would contribute to the glory of her Heavenly Father was unthinkable. Twenty years later he attempted to read to his second bride Jonathan Edwards's famous sermon, "Sinners in the Hands of an Angry God," but he had not got far when the lady exclaimed, "Dr. Beecher, I shall not listen to another word of that slander on my Heavenly Father!" and swept from the room. Even the father of the eleven Beechers could not withstand shocks like these and eventually he was tried for heresy, emerging triumphant, however, owing, apparently, to his ability to believe in foreordination and free will simultaneously.

This volume, written by the grandson of Harriet Beecher Stowe, owes its title to an old friend of the Beecher family, Dr. Leonard Bacon of New Haven, who once remarked, "This country is inhabited by saints, sinners, and Beechers," the Beechers not being conventionally pious enough to qualify as saints and yet not to be confused with sinners, whom they pursued with a sharp stick. They were an amusing and amazing group. The book abounds in anecdotes and quotations which help to impart life to the characters in its pages as well as zest to the narrative. Naturally, more space is given to Harriet Beecher Stowe and to Henry Ward Beecher than to any of the rest. They are renowned, but the oldest of all the children has not had her due from fame. Catherine Beecher founded five institutions of learning for women, one of which, now known as Milwaukee-Downer College, is alive and flourishing. She started the American Woman's Educational Association in the brilliant Beecher year 1852 with the object of creating women's colleges. She wrote books on subjects ranging from cooking to philosophy. Her name deserves to be linked with the names of Emma Willard and Mary Lyon.

On one point Mr. Stowe is not a critical historian. He relates the celebrated tale of how "one dark and stormy night in 1862 . . . a very tall man muffled in a great cloak" rang Henry Beecher's bell. "Mrs. Beecher opened the door. The tall stranger asked to see Mr. Beecher on a matter of great urgency but declined to give his name. Mrs. Beecher was afraid to let him in. Her husband's life had often been threatened since the Kansas troubles." But Beecher insisted on seeing the stranger, "who was then shown to the study on the top floor. . . . After something like four hours Beecher himself let the man out. The next morning when his wife asked him who the stranger was he merely smiled. He did not tell her until after the assassination that the strange caller was President Lincoln." The late Dr. J. M. Buckley, the editor, made a detailed investigation of this supposed incident some years ago and found nothing whatever to substantiate its probability. That Lincoln could have been absent from the White House or anywhere else for the period of time required for such a visit without being missed is unlikely to the verge of impossibility.

* *

Royal J. Davis, until recently an editorial writer on the New York Evening Post, *is assistant to the Director of the National Occupational Conference.*

Standards of Living

OUR ECONOMIC SOCIETY AND ITS PROBLEMS. A Study of American Levels of Living and How to Raise Them. By Rexford Guy Tugwell and Howard C. Hill. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD

THE novelty of this volume as a textbook in economics is nowhere more succinctly expressed than in its virtually complete disregard of value. There is a brief, casual, almost incidental comparison of value and price, but the elaborate, cumbersome, and tortuous exposition of the theory of value which is traditionally regarded as the very backbone of economic analysis is completely lacking. This divergence is representative of the entire character of the book. The conventional economist's handling of value reflects his entire conception of his subject. Inspired by the prestige of the rapidly expanding physical sciences, the early economists undertook to create a science of wealth which should be strictly scientific in the sense that it was precise, mathematical, and based on measurement. Recognizing that their analyses, however involved, must ultimately trace back to value, they felt urgently constrained to adopt a concept of value that would serve as the basis of a series of mathematically measured relations, which meant, of course, that value itself must be capable of measurement. But, in the very nature of meaning, ultimate values can never be measured. The only way a value can be measured is by another value. Eventually there comes a value which is an end in itself, and which can therefore not be measured, just as it is never possible to measure a measure.

Out of this self-contradictory attempt to create a science of measurement upon the basis of immeasurable realities have arisen the basic futilities, inconsistencies, and unrealities of conventional economics. Tugwell and Hill content themselves with a bow to value-in-use, which they identify with utility, and devote their attention to more concrete matters. Their discussions revolve around the observable and tangible facts of life, and they are relatively little concerned with theory. One gets no glimpse of the famous "economic man" wandering dazedly through their pages.

It goes without saying that this wide departure from tradition is refreshing and salutary. The teaching of economics in most colleges and universities, and the very concept of economics in the minds of many members of the profession, are highly standardized. Many old-line economists will probably say that this book simply is not "economics." And it will certainly have a hard time prying a crack open for its admission into the list of required texts. But that is to its credit, rather than otherwise.

For the student who is fortunate enough to study it, whether in class or on his own initiative, it will afford an exceptionally realistic, practical, and illuminating exposition of the real facts of the economic life of his society, and of the possibilities and means of achieving the good life as far as that depends on material goods and the services of others. It deals with things as they are, and also without apology inquires to what extent, and how, they may be made better. It is abundantly and helpfully illustrated. The authors are evidently quite unconcerned as to its reactions on the representatives of established business and financial interests.

Distance Lends Enchantment

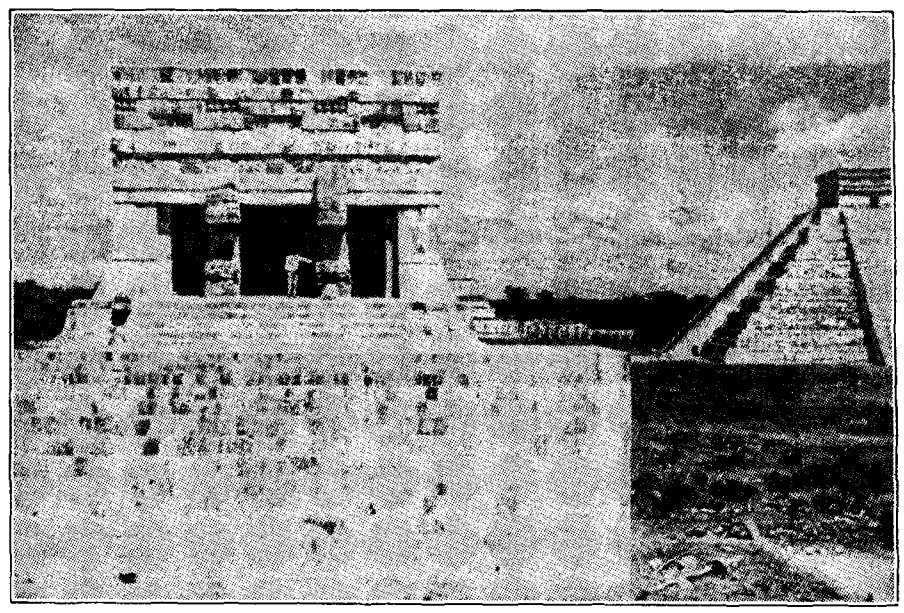
IN ALL COUNTRIES. By John Dos Passos. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1934. $2.75.

Reviewed by ARTHUR RUHL

MR. DOS PASSOS'S book is made up of impressions and reflections induced by various scenes —Russia, Mexico, Spain, Guatemala, our own country. Some of it has really been written, some has the air of having been just jotted down in passing; and some is very good, and some so-so, or scarcely that.

The further he gets from home the better he is. The Russian part is swift, sensitive, brilliant in bits, altogether first-class. Although warmly disposed toward the new order, he never drones or lets himself get bogged; always keeping on his toes, and up and away to the next thing before the first has begun to stick to his boots. This part, about one-quarter of the book, is peppered with little bits that have the sure, serene, flying quality of literature, at once embracing and skimming over the actualities with which journalism must needs bother.

"It's hard to explain"—to a Russian who had "somehow missed the red train that left one November"—"how fast Europe is crumbling away, leaving a dreary madhouse instead of those pleasant parks where people talked about Verlaine as they let the foam settle on their beer."



TEMPLE OF THE TIGERS: A MAYA MONUMENT IN YUCATAN

Or this about Peterhof and its palaces: "We walked off through dripping gardens full of fountains, eternally autumnal like some place in a story by Hans Andersen, along the edge of the grey sea and the grey sky of the Baltic. At the end of every vista one way was the sea, the other way a spouting fountain . . ." A lot of the students from one of the Sanitary Propaganda Theatres came down to the train to see the Amerikanski Peesatyel off for Europe and to try to get him to say how he stood politically, whether or not he was with them. But Mr. Dos Passos dodges this except for such occasional passages as:

> You don't have to understand more than one word in ten to feel the vivid and sometimes scary freedom of the Russian mind. On this side of the Frontier a man may live on potatoes and sour bread but he lives in a real world. If he puts up some stage scenery to keep the wind of too enormous spaces off him, he knows it's stage scenery because he had to paint it himself. People lie in the Soviet Union like any place else, but in this primeval landscape swept clean of all the instituted lies-by-the-common-consent, a man damn well knows when he's lying and when he's telling the truth. Living in reality is a strain the human race has always done its best to avoid, so it is not surprising that Russians come up to you and ask wistfully if Wiesbaden is as pleasant as it used to be.

The section on recent events in Spain, a mixture of compressed history and personal impression, is clever, intelligent, and frequently amusing, but I know too little of the facts to try to measure its content. In the Mexican and Central American sketches we return, along with a lot of vivid color, to the routine "radical" treatment of social and economic facts, with "capital" as the more or less melodramatic villain. Much of it is sound, some shaky.

Just what, for instance, does the author's generalization about Maya monuments and the sort of taming of the jungle done by the United Fruit Company mean as social or political criticism? He sees the enormous stelæ standing grimly there in the jungle and it gives him a feeling of "serene order and form that is an actual refuge like a strong stone house," in contrast with which the railroad, uptodate malaria hospital, and all the rest of it, "seems feeble and flabby, not organization at all, not order at all." Well, the stones are big and have their beauty, certainly, but the Mayas were swept out of their "strong stone house," by something or other, like so many dry leaves, as our order, too, may some day be swept away, and it takes some proving, at least, to state that either system, in its own time and place, was inherently superior.

It is only in his concluding section, labelled "Stamped with the Eagle," that Mr. Dos Passos definitely sags and goes sour. Much is mere scrappy impressionism, or perhaps one should say expressionism, which neither contributes anything helpful nor has the merit of straight reporting. Occasionally, as in the brief sketch of a visit of white-collar agitators from New York to the Passaic strikers, with its reiterated, droning phrases ("square people standing still, looking nowhere, saying nothing . . . saying nothing, looking nowhere, square hands hanging at their sides, people square and still . . .") Mr. Dos Passos isn't describing actual people at all, but only some cartoon in *The New Masses* or *The Daily Worker*. The free, virile strokes give way (of course it's always easier to write about foreigners than one's own people) to a sort of lugubrious whine that takes one back to those returned East Siders who used to sidle up to one in Petrograd in the summer of '17. Not only is the writing itself inferior, the whole point of view, with its over-simplification into black and white, thick-necked exploiters set against wistful, groping workers, begins to date a bit. The actual, complex facts call for arrangement, explanation, light, if anybody can give it—the sort of thing we find here begins to smell of the twenties or even pre-war.

The Drama League Travel Bureau, a non-commercial organization, has at its disposal scholarships covering full tuition for the six weeks' summer session at the Central School of Speech and Drama in London. These scholarships are primarily intended for students interested in literary and drama study, but are also given for the more important purpose of promoting international understanding. The League will welcome letters of inquiry concerning the granting of the scholarships. Application blanks may be obtained by addressing the Drama League Travel Bureau, Hotel Barbizon Plaza, New York City.

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The Saturday Review
of LITERATURE

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY.....*Editor*
NOBLE A. CATHCART.....*Publisher*
AMY LOVEMAN.....*Associate Editor*
GEORGE STEVENS....*Managing Editor*
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT } *Contributing Editors*
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY }

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Best Sellers

Many persons must have read with bewildered emotions the list of American Best-Sellers: 1875-1933, compiled recently by Mr. Edward Weeks. What it meant to an author to sell a half million or a million, or in one instance probably eight million, copies of his book is of course evident, but what it meant to the country that read these millions seems to figure down to nothing that can be called significant. It is easy enough to see that certain perennial cravings of human nature were satisfied, not to say doped, at these flowing fountains, such as the longing to be a child again ("Huckleberry Finn," 1,000,000 copies; "Five Little Peppers," 1,090,000; "Pollyanna," 1,000,000 plus, "Penrod," 514,000); or religious stirrings of one kind or another ("Ben Hur," 1,950,000; "In His Steps," 8,000,000; "Story of the Bible," 1,321,000; "The Story of Philosophy," 545,000); or romance ("Treasure Island," 1,000,000, "Richard Carvel," 758,000, "The Sheik," 1,194,000); or sentiment ("Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm," 989,000, "If Winter Comes," 546,300). But what happened, if anything, as a result of these satisfactions gratified, what influence, if any, flowed from these cascades of books into the destinies of our country, is by no means clear.

So far as one can see, nothing resulted. Within a few years after "Janice Meredith" and "The Virginian" and "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," and "Girl of the Limberlost" had been putting shots of romance into millions of American arteries, literature faced right about and became prevailingly realistic and unsentimental. A great drift away from the churches followed the immense success of such a religious romance as "Quo Vadis?" Since 1929, 564,300 Americans have bought and undoubtedly 1,000,000 have read "All Quiet on the Western Front," with, so far as one can see, precisely no useful effect upon the will to prevent wars. Over a million Americans have purchased Wells's "Outline of History" since 1926. Has there been the slightest perceptible influence upon the American attitude toward internationalism?

The conclusion which must be drawn from this list is that best-selling books usually mean no more for culture than a ten million circulation for a new cereal or a cigarette. When a million people find a book they like they will read it, the reading making no more impression upon them than a walk on Main Street. A little book that sells a thousand copies may count for more in history than all these swollen circulations.

And the reason is obvious in the items on Mr. Weeks's list. Of his sixty-five best-sellers in fifty-eight years of American publishing, only two can be called, by even a generous interpretation, great books likely to live in literature. Only four others are certainly books of high merit that probably have some decades of life still ahead of them. The great books are "Huckleberry Finn," and (more doubtfully) "Treasure Island." The good books likely to stay good for some years yet are "Tom Sawyer," "Looking Backward," "Sea Wolf," "Of Human Bondage," to which a more generous prophet might add one or two more out of the sixty-five. But of the fifty *best* books in a century of American literature which Mr. Weeks lists in another column, only three appear among his best-sellers.

What happens when a really important book—The Bible, Shakespeare, Dante, Montaigne, Rousseau, Karl Marx—becomes a best-seller is of vast importance. Such books can give tongue to a culture, change thinking, establish imaginative ideals that influence centuries. Even a second-rate great man like Walter Scott or Byron can do that. But in general, the importance other than financial of best-selling has been much overestimated. A set of figures for literature since printing began would probably confirm the evidence of Mr. Weeks's list of 62 million copies sold of 65 books, that best-selling usually means skilful or sympathetic mediocrity. Best-sellers apparently are successful reflections of the conscious emotions of very average men and women. They give back merely what they get, and nothing more.

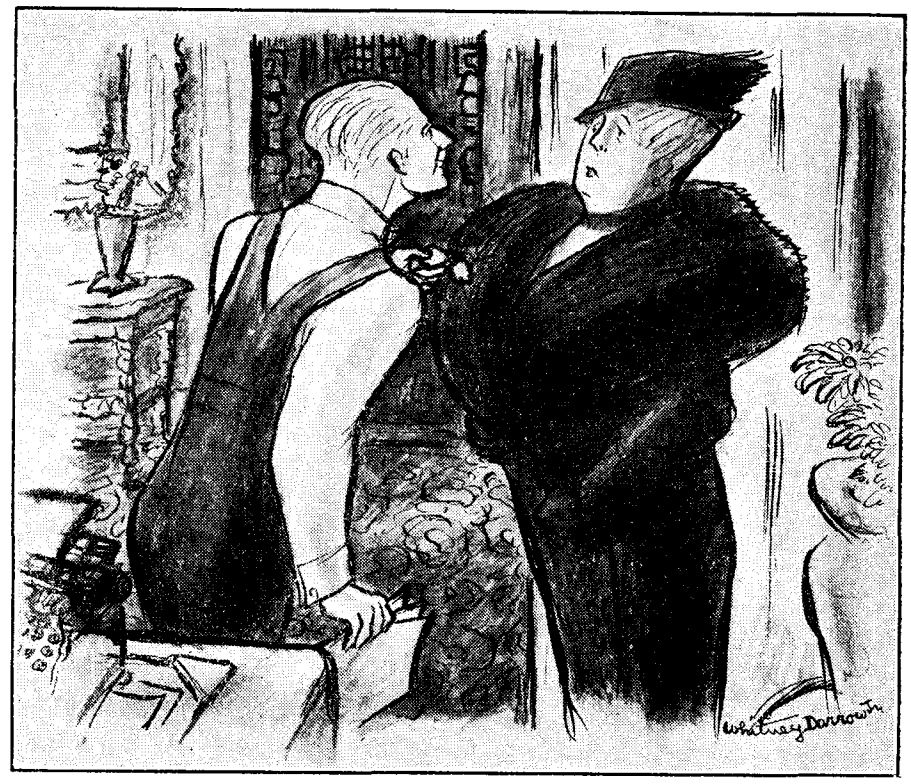
Guy Holt

JANUARY 18, 1892—APRIL 21, 1934

A man may in his dying be a great loss to the world, to an art, or to a field of business, without being a great loss to his friends and acquaintances. Indeed, the more eminent he is, the more aloof from the common run of us, the fewer persons there are likely to be who can mourn him intimately and sincerely. His passing is no less, and no more, than a public pageant. On the contrary, a man's death may go unregarded by any but these who happened to be close to him; and this is the story of most deaths. But Guy Holt's disappearance from the world that knew him cuts two ways. It robs American publishing of one of the best of publishers, thereby spreading wide ripples of a kind of public grief; and it stabs straight into the hearts of an extraordinary number of men and women—scattered from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and overseas—whose grief is almost wholly private, whose sense of loss would be no less than it is if Guy had never published a single book, if he had never been identified with the literary fortunes of James Branch Cabell, or never chuckled over the enormous popular success of his last Whittlesey House best-seller, "Life Begins At Forty."

Guy's record as a publisher, written through twenty years, is that of a man whose natural sensitivity to literature was fortified by a steadily augmented literary knowledge. His love of good writing was a love at first sight, and one that ripened richly with experience. As a publisher he was a business man; but he never committed the error of mistaking literature for merchandise, or the even more common publisher's error of mistaking merchandise for literature. As editor of Robert M. McBride & Company, as one of the founding partners of The John Day Company, and finally as director of Whittlesey House, he constantly exercised an editorial talent that was creative as well as critical. His kindliness was at the call of unknown authors, and his practical knowledge made him a fit counsellor for even the most famous. He understood, as comparatively few men have, the whole Art of the Book:—its composition, its manufacture, its promotion, and its distribution. He had served it personally in every phase. And if, as some of us think, a writer of original and vastly entertaining talent was lost in that service, we may be consoled by thinking how many other writers were its beneficiaries.

B. R. R.



"FORGIVE THE OVERALLS. I'M WORKING ON MY PROLETARIAN NOVEL."

To the Editor: *From the authors of "Merchants of Death"*

To Each His Muckraking

SIR:—We thank Mr. Simonds for the serious and lengthy consideration which he gave our book "Merchants of Death" in the *Saturday Review*. We are gratified that he deems our book "admirable," "fair," and "on the whole restrained in treatment of one of the greatest evils of our time." When a publicist of Mr. Simonds's high standing praises our work, we are indeed flattered.

However we suggest that Mr. Simonds was not accurate in classifying our book as "muckraking." We think that the subtitle "A Study of the International Armament Industry" provides a fairer index of the treatment. We have simply tried to give a picture of the industry in the larger setting of world economy and politics. We cannot agree with other writers on the subject that the Merchants of Death are the only villains in the piece. We never attempted to prove that the armament interests were largely responsible for the outbreak of wars. We simply tried to show the pernicious element which they furnish in situations which result in armed conflicts.

Nor have we, as Mr. Simonds says, "thrown up our arms after 300 pages of muckraking." Perhaps after reconsideration, Mr. Simonds will agree with us that authors of books like ours do not invalidate their work when they fail to produce one or more sure-cures for the evils which they describe. We consider that one of the proposed methods of ameliorating the situation—the nationalization of the arms industry—has its defects; we also acknowledge the undoubted benefits which would come from it. We have never meant to discourage statesmen and peace advocates from exploring sincere measures for the reform of the industry.

We hope that Mr. Simonds will read again and carefully our last chapter "The Outlook." He will notice that after suggesting the complexity of the problem and the difficulty of gaining complete reform from the measures proposed, we urge friends of peace to work for disarmament, for reduction of army and navy budgets, to support treaties which tend to avoid competition in arms and to oppose nationalism. We do not, as do certain other writers on the subject, place the entire responsibility on armament magnates avid for iron and profits. Nor can we, as in the case of Mr. Simonds, believe that there is just one big bad wolf—nationalism. And we are unable to write an exclusive indictment against that other famous *bête noire*—capitalism. *Chacun son muckraking!* We prefer to describe an intricate problem of which all these forces are important elements. We are writing this letter because Mr. Simonds alone among the reviewers seems to have misunderstood these aspects of our book and to have placed it in an unfair category.

H. C. ENGELBRECHT and F. C. HANIGHEN.
New York City.

Apropos the objection of the authors of "Merchants of Death" to the term "muckraking" it may be interesting to recall that Theodore Roosevelt first gave it currency. He derived it from Bunyan's "The man with a muckrake."—Editor.

Terrific Comet

SIR:—Mr. Morley's favorite English headline, "Storm in Channel—Continent Isolated," seems to have attracted the notice of some of the Frenchmen who wrote "The End of the World," a picture lately shown here. A group of astronomers discover that this planet is doomed to destruction by a tremendous comet; they broadcast the news, and thereafter you see the front pages of newspapers in all languages, announcing in not very dissimilar terms the approaching end of the world. All but the London paper, which has an eight-column streamer: "Terrific Comet Hurtling Toward Britain."

ELMER DAVIS.
New York City.

What Is An American?

SIR:—I attach below an item from my autograph collection which may be of interest to your readers. It is a charming and wise reply from that witty student of the Victorian Age, Esmé Wingfield-Stratford, to my question, "What is an American?"

D. HAROLD LEVIN.
Cambridge, Mass.

Mr. Wingfield-Stratford's Reply

To ask someone who has never been in America to comprehend in one psychological formula President Roosevelt, Sinclair Lewis, Charlie Chaplin, Al Capone, the lady who told me, in Venice, that she would like to see the Grand Canal dried up and filled with concrete—not to speak of some 120,000,000 others—is about as big a demand as the American debt, and, may I add, with the best will in the world, about as possible to satisfy. Pray accept my apologies.

ESMÉ WINGFIELD-STRATFORD.

Neglected Lyrics

SIR:—After eleven years of research, Tom Boggs (Richard Herrick) has completed a critical anthology, "The 110 Great Neglected Lyrics," to be published late this fall. Any information concerning little-known lyrics may be sent to him at 53 West 11th Street, New York. Free verse, translations, heroic couplets—as well as any poems contained in Burton Stevenson's, Louis Untermeyer's, and Quiller-Couch's collections—have not been considered.

TOM BOGGS.
New York City.

The Saturday Review recommends

This Group of Current Books:

GOD'S POCKET. By RACHEL FIELD. *Macmillan.* A romantic biography with a Maine sea captain of old days for hero.

TECHNICS AND CIVILIZATION. By LEWIS MUMFORD. *Harcourt, Brace.* A study of the machine and its effects on civilization.

BEYOND THE MEXIQUE BAY. By ALDOUS HUXLEY. *Harpers.* Travels in Central America.

This Less Recent Book:

TRAVELLER'S LIBRARY. Compiled by W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM. *Doubleday, Doran.* An omnibus of story, verse, and essay.

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Plenty of Trouble

THE LAND OF PLENTY. By Robert Cantwell. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

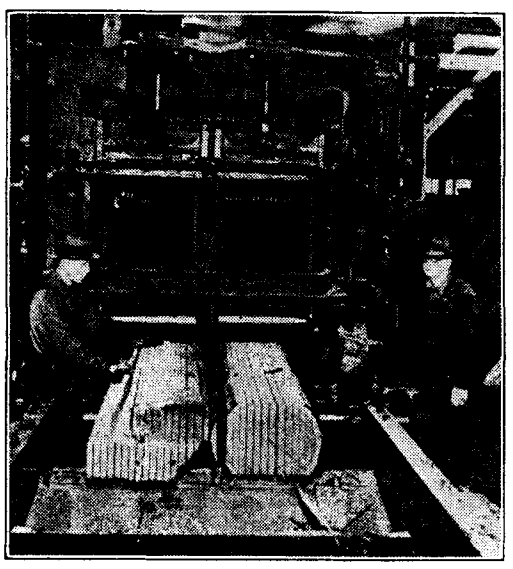
THE Land of Plenty is this economically ironical United States, and Mr. Cantwell's novel is a story, not ironical but pathetic to the verge of tragedy and highly charged with significance, of what happens when the management of a great industry reduces costs. It is a good story, dramatically focussed upon a mill speeded up to intensity of production. And the mill is unlike the "dark satanic mills" of most fiction, but smells, sounds, feels right, and is staffed by workmen who are as human as the characters in the best agrarian fiction. Rough and tough they are, and also kindly and humorous, and surly and afraid.

The power plant breaks down, the lights go off in the middle of a strenuous night shift. Then, in the dark, with the machines quiet, slowly the human machines turn into personalities, voices in the gloom, teasing, complaining, while tension spreads from a dark corner where the foreman in an agony of indecision tries to arrange that the blame shall fall on someone else if he pulls the whistle and sends the shift home with the job unfinished.

And soon, while the men still talk and stumble in the darkness, the drama of the situation begins to harden, until, with no incident more exciting than a shin broken on a pile of iron, the reader sees the whole machine of conflicting emotions that has been built invisibly in the plant: pressure from the distant ownership in the East upon the superintendent, pressure from him upon a foreman afraid of losing his job, pressure upon the workmen, until (the lights still out) the drama involves the spirit and personnel of the whole mill town.

With this beginning, Mr. Cantwell sweeps his story on to disorder, accidental violence, a strike, more violence, riot, death, and the final crushing of the proletariat by scabs, thugs, and the police.

And by this time the workers have become intensely differentiated—we have been in homes, seen courage and cowardice, known the professional troublemaker, the skilled workman whose grievance is that he is not allowed to do his job, the college boy split between friendship for his buddies and his class feeling, the girls that take lovers behind the machines. This is the way a proletarian novel should be written—a story of people worth writing about, which is given imaginative unity by a drama springing from their own lives and the inescapable pressure upon their class of a system of private ownership which subordinates all human values to profit. This is not a Marxian fiction any more than Charlotte Brontë's "Shirley," where the managing class is hero and the laboring class villain, is Marxian. Both are novels first and tracts afterward. Art uses a social philosophy.



A GANG-SAW IN A LUMBER MILL

But the serene detachment which sees man as God must see him is apparently granted only to novelists who, like Jane Austen, have no concern with economics. Once the modern novelist takes up the class struggle, one eye or the other goes blind. Mr. Cantwell's workers are convincing—you know they are true even if you have never been in a lumber mill. But when he brings in the bourgeoisie (to whom presumably he belongs) the faint paranoia, so familiar to readers of class fiction, begins. Carl, his hysterical foreman, who bulldozes the mill out of sheer fright of his own indecisions, is human enough, but he is such a disorganizer, such an impossible executive, that the mill that goes to pieces under him is plainly suffering as much from hard luck as from the profit system. MacMahon, the superintendent, has more sense, but he is a drunkard, almost senile, living in a house where quarreling goes on day and night. His daugher is a nymphomaniac and a blackmailer. Carl's first assistant is a moron, his second an empty-headed product of the worst type of college education. None of them gives evidence of knowing anything about management, and the story becomes almost absurd when the big boss himself proves to be nothing more than another and more hard-boiled bully. Maybe they were like that in Mr. Cantwell's factory, but it looks more like mild paranoia, the mental twist which lets you believe that your enemies are always jealous incapables seeking your ruin. This is the antithesis, and perhaps the result, of the great American executive fiction so popular before 1929, which still survives in automobile advertisements. And it is just as melodramatic and false.

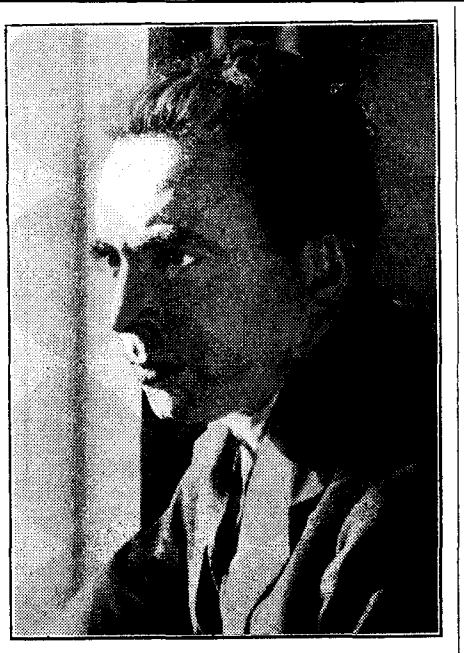
Discount this, or take it as evidence of sympathies too much stirred; and forgive Mr. Cantwell for his "O yeah" method of writing in the first chapters, by which I mean the current realistic fashion of repetitive conversations that get nowhere, like so much talking in life, but which have no more merit in a novel than would a bad photograph of the south front of the heroine's home. Excuse these as drawbacks from excellence and salaams to current mannerisms and theorisms; and then welcome a really good novel of the proletariat, frank, brutal, coarse, but not for the sake of coarseness, intensely human, and to be read with mounting pleasure and interest. His workers are the real thing; if only next time he'll give the bourgeoisie a break he has the makings of a novelist of American industrialism.

A Full-Bodied Tale

(*Continued from first page*)

wifely accomplishment of the amiable but ineffective Mrs. Silver. The seductions of the "tea-with-lemon" were enhanced for the assembled anarchists by those of the five Silver sisters, named, in the order of their nativity, Esther, Susan, Sarah, Elsie, and May. This was in 1911, the year in which little Sam Silver acquired for fifty pounds, won in a lottery, the sole ownership of old Horowitz's waterproof factory, and thus, to the chagrin of the anarchists, became a hated capitalist. The war and a partnership with Alexander Smirnof, who married Sarah, made Sam wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice or his own desires.

Here is the setting of the play. The action is for the reader to follow. It is a well-peopled stage, with the five Silver daughters as co-stars, supported by their husbands, their lovers, and their babies, and with little Sam Silver and his wife in the roles of *compère* and *commère*. In the delineation of his characters and especially in his control of them Mr. Golding has done a masterly piece of work. There are no blurred lines in these skilful etchings. Each of the sisters of this Russian-English family is an individual and each is wholly different from all the others. There is Esther, the oldest, the very type of the Jewish matriarch of tradition; and by contrast there is



LOUIS GOLDING

Susan, the Bolshevik Jewess of the new dispensation, drawn by some impulse of heredity to the Russian homeland. On the other hand, May, the youngest, is English of the English; brilliant Elsie, who loved lovers and left her baronetted husband because he cried in a dentist's office, is the gay internationalist, while fecund Sarah—well, Sarah, "so soft, so warm, so silent," had seven children in ten years.

Mr. Golding's volume is like the luscious German food that he loves to describe and that Elsie was able, miraculously, to eat without damage to her svelte figure: it is rich and full-bodied, of a flavor that can only be suggested within the limits of a review. There is spaciousness in this story, and a sure handling of plot, character, and situations that marks an advance on anything that the author has done. "Five Silver Daughters" is a better book than "Magnolia Street."

Erie Canal Days

MOSTLY CANALLERS. Collected Stories by Walter D. Edmonds. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

ON our well-filled local color map Mr. Edmonds has made the Erie Canal region his own; not the present-day Barge Canal, not the old Mohawk Valley of Harold Frederic, but the Erie Canal from De Witt Clinton's day to Tilden's. It was bounded at the one end by Buffalo and at the other by Albany, but the author has little concern with city folks. He is interested in farmers, drivers, trappers, lock-keepers, roustabouts, local bullies, and tough women; the flavor is rural, though the canal touches the great world—the growing West, the ocean itself. And Mr. Edmonds does his long-neglected territory full justice. He is better in his short stories than in his novels like "Rome Haul" and "The Big Barn," which with many merits tended to become a little tedious. Of these twenty tales eighteen have been listed in successive issues of E. J. O'Brien's "Best Short Stories of the Year," sixteen have been given the highest rating therein, and four have been reprinted. That alone is praise. But it is still higher praise to say that the book is as good when the stories are read together as when they are read alone and at long intervals. A collection like this is a severe test of a writer; any repetitiousness, any thinness, becomes immediately evident; but Mr. Edmonds here demonstrates the possession of variety and breadth.

The author, without possessing much real imagination, has plenty of invention and fancy, which is one reason why he writes better short stories than novels. He is a good reporter, who has studied both people and history to advantage; he can reproduce customs, dialects, oddities of speech, and all the rest that goes to a vivid sense of locality. Dealing with rough people who wrestle with a harsh environment, he offers the reader strong meat—fighting, drinking, crime, sex; but he writes with a delicacy which somehow dispels much of the brutality.

It is clear that Mr. Edmonds has a strong feeling for both his section and his people, and from this feeling is born his gusto, his picturesqueness, and his freshness.

Hell Afloat

THE DEATH SHIP: The Story of an American Sailor. By B. Traven. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1934. $2.50.

Reviewed by WILLIAM DOERFLINGER

AFTER popularity abroad such as few other contemporary novels by American authors have attained, "The Death Ship" now appears in this country for the first time. It has already been published in no less than twelve foreign nations. In Germany alone its sales are said to have reached 250,000 copies, while in Russia they are passing the 2,000,000 mark.

That this amazing tale of a slave to modern society should have been so eagerly read in Germany and Russia is a fact both interesting and significant. In both these nations, regimentation and officialdom are the chief manifestations of government, while "The Death Ship" is a blasting satire against all such bureaucracy—the arbitrary irrationality of petty legal regulations as they obstruct the free life of the individual. The hero of the novel, an honest wage-earner who is neither a Red nor a romantic, is exiled from the numbered ranks of men, deprived of his right to sweat for his daily bread, simply through losing his seaman's ticket—his form of the legal paper of identification which every citizen must be able to produce today if he wishes to prove that he is really a member of the human race.

Deserted by his ship in Antwerp, left without money or papers, this sailor finds that no nation will have him. Belgium smuggles him across the border into Holland. Holland reciprocates. Both threaten him with prison for returning. He stows away to France, calls on the American bureaucrats of the consular offices, finally travels among the peasants to Spain. Here at last he finds himself in a land where no one demands his papers. In lazy, sunny Spain, the prisons are full of communists, locked up "because they want to make slaves of everybody." Here "no one speaks of liberty because people have it."

But now, in Barcelona, he makes a pierhead jump aboard the tramp steamer *Yorikke*, the death ship. The second book of the novel gets under way with the *Yorikke*, launching at once into a chronicle of hell afloat which makes the hardships of old-fashioned seafaring seem like seashore pastimes. The *Yorikke* represents a type of vessel which has become increasingly common since the war. Seamen whose lack of papers prevents their being signed on the articles of honest ships become the prey of these sinister wanderers. Once in a death ship, it is almost impossible to leave her, especially as she may plunge to "the ground port" at any minute, sunk by the skipper for her insurance.

Some of these tramps are quite new; but *Yorikke* is old, ready to shake to bits, a mummy-case afloat. Her boilers are rotten, her safety-devices missing, her stoke-hold an inferno where the heat roasts men and live steam skins them. She is a man-killer.

> The fumes from burned oil and the coal-gas from the slags pierced my lungs like poison gas. I was sure this could not be the hell I had been condemned to go to after my death. In hell devils have to live. Yet I could not imagine how it would have been possible for the most savage devil to live here and do his work of torturing poor sinners.

Months pass; still he keeps an imperishable fragment of his spirit. "It's not worth the trouble to lose heart," his comrade, the coal-drag of the other watch, tells him. "Stick it, and stick it hard." They do stick till the end. *Yorikke* is too pestilential even to be engulfed by the clean, deep sea, it is another "death bucket" which goes down to the ground port under their feet, leaving them shipwrecked, drifting in the southern ocean, where even the trials of those who have no legal papers seem far away.

Towards the terrific climax of the book, its rough, virile style becomes a perfect torrent of slashing description and vivid nightmare. Mr. Traven has welded incident and satire into a vitally trenchant whole in this novel of a gladiator of our own age whose deathless salutation is to the deaf, blind Cæsar of bureaucracy, the Imperator of his world.

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Gambling With Stars

WHATEVER GOES UP. By George C. Tyler in collaboration with J. C. Furnas. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1934. $3.

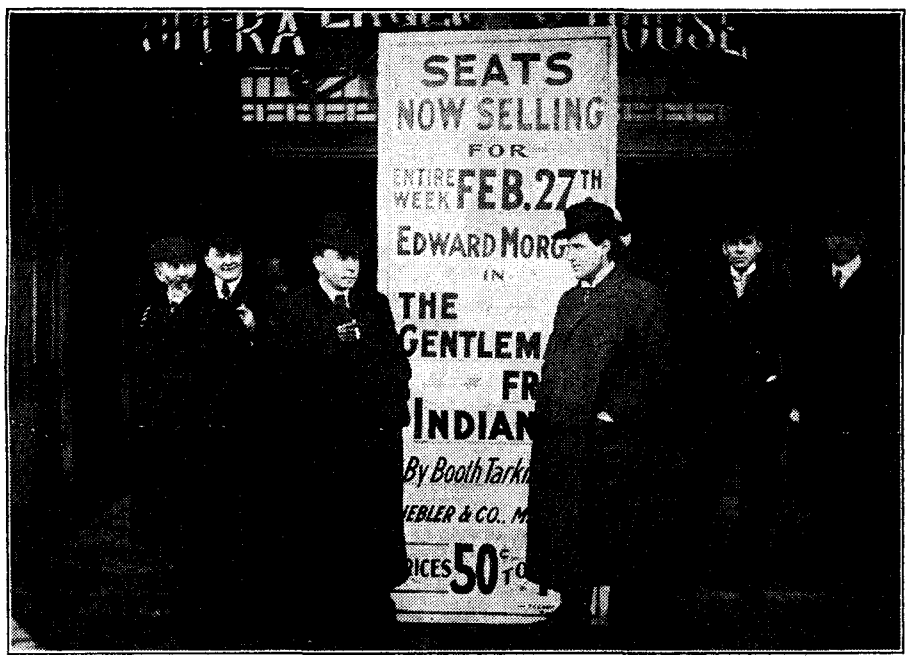
WHEN George Tyler was "a stage-struck kid of eight" passing programs to pay his way into the theatre of his home town, Chillicothe, Ohio, he saw the future Mrs. Fiske, then ten-year-old Minnie Maddern, play Little Eva in an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" performance. Forty years later he attained an almost literally lifelong ambition by helping to star the then famous actress and seeing his name on the bills with hers. His own career was as dramatic as that of almost any character in the innumerable plays he produced. Every "show" he put on was a gamble; brilliant success alternated with ghastly failure; and the risks he ran were not made the less by his passion for taking a chance. But he always rebounded like a rubber ball, having the gambler's unquenchable hopefulness and a robust sense of humor.

Tyler's producing activities began when his father, in order to keep him from running away from home for the fourth time, leased Clough's Opera House in Chillicothe and turned him loose to see what he could do as manager. He did a-plenty. Renaming the opera house the Clough Grand, the youthful Tyler wrote to every star whose name he had heard for a play-date. The surprising thing is the number of them who responded—but perhaps it is not so surprising in view of the fact that he "never paid any attention to the sordid details of the terms they asked" but readily guaranteed anything they wanted. So he opened his season with Thomas W. Keene in "Julius Caesar" and then, one after another, presented to his fellow Chillicothians Nat Goodwin, Clara Morris, May Irwin, and Julia Marlowe. He had not hesitated to try to get Edwin Booth and Lawrence Barrett. The thousands of dollars they stipulated might not have daunted him, but the bank guarantee they demanded was too much for even his audacity. His inability to give it almost broke his heart.

That season was scintillating but short, owing to his father's natural desire to remain solvent, but in another year he was in New York, haunting the theatres, doing theatrical reporting, and then becoming advance agent for road companies, after five years of which strenuous but instructive activity he ran into a friend with more ideas than money and the two determined to blossom out as theatrical managers. New York was all excited over a new kind of entertainment called a "review"—not "revue" in those days. Tyler and his friend decided that they would give Philadelphia a taste of the novelty. The name? "Miss Philadelphia," of course. So they set out. All they had was an idea and a title—and nerve—nothing being lacking except the trifling details of money, somebody to write the book and the music "on spec," a cast, a theatre, scenery, and costumes. They got them out of thin air, financing the project by the hazardous expedient of repeatedly cashing a check on an out-of-town bank, cashing a bigger one before the check could get to the bank, and telegraphing the bank sufficient money to cover the first check.

"Miss Philadelphia" was a great success, but no success could have wiped out its producers' bank deficit in any run it was likely to enjoy and Tyler was glad to sell it—and the debts; his partner had already presented him with the partner's half-interest in the production—for a good check for a thousand dollars. Mr. Tyler was on his way—a way of ups and downs, feasts and famines, to the very end. In a year or two he was signing Viola Allen simply on the strength of his "inordinate optimism" without a play to star her in. But she thought of Hall Caine's best-seller, "The Christian," offered to go to England to put up desired changes to the author, went at her own expense, which suited Tyler admirably, brought Hall Caine back with her—and before Tyler and his associates had finished touring the play, it had netted them more than half a million dollars. This record was broken by "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," which netted more than $800,000. Some years later Tyler's concern spent a fortune on "The Garden of Paradise," which was an utter failure.

During Mr. Tyler's palmy days no star was of such magnitude as not to be attracted to his orbit. As a result his pages are crowded with sparkling names and entertaining incidents.



THE OPENING OF "THE GENTLEMAN FROM INDIANA"
From left: Eugene Presbrey, George C. Tyler, Booth Tarkington, E. J. Morgan, Addison Miller. From "Whatever Goes Up."

T. S. Eliot and Original Sin

(Continued from first page)

cility with which this statement has been quoted has helped to reveal to me that as it stands the statement is injudicious. It may suggest that the three subjects are of equal importance to me, which is not so; it may suggest that I accept all three beliefs on the same ground, which is not so; and it may suggest that I believe that they all hang together or fall together, which would be the most serious misunderstanding of all. That there are connexions for me I of course admit, but these illuminate my own mind rather than the external world; and I now see the danger of suggesting to outsiders that the Faith is a political principle or a literary fashion, and the sum of all a dramatic posture.

That the Faith to T. S. Eliot has never been any of these things is well stated by Hugh Ross Williamson in his book, "The Poetry of T. S. Eliot."

> . . . it is almost impossible for an irreligious age to understand a man so intensely religious as Eliot. I use the word in a strict sense; by religion I do not mean a vague code of "playing the game" or a vaguer hope in the "ultimate decency of things," I mean belief in a dogma, which is so wide that it embraces the whole of life and so narrow that it excludes as heretics the majority of modern thinkers; a creed like a challenge, dividing those who believe the doctrine of the Incarnation from those who do not.

He goes on to say that Eliot "thought out to a conclusion the puritanism which was his inheritance, and discovered that the conclusion was catholicism."

Without realizing this about Mr. Eliot, one will lose a good deal from the lectures now before me. He has much to say about tradition and dogma, with many qualifications and in the effort to divorce his discussion as much as possible from theology. He realizes the dangers of associating "tradition" with "the immovable."

> What I mean by tradition involves all those habitual actions, habits, and customs, from the most significant religious rite to our conventional way of greeting a stranger, which represent the blood kinship of "the same people living in the same place." It involves a good deal which can be called *taboo:* that this word is used in our time in an exclusively derogatory sense is to me a curiosity of some significance.

But, later on, it involves the statement:

> What is still more important is unity of religious background; and reasons of race and religion combine to make any large number of free-thinking Jews undesirable.

But why, then, *any* free-thinking Jews? There are also several references to the foreign population of a city like New York; so that, though the lecture starts with a comparison of "what is sometimes called the agrarian movement in the South" with the present state of New England, and as Mr. Eliot sees that countryside, giving "evidence of a human success so meagre and transitory as to be more desperate than the desert," (the emphasis of hope resting upon that America south of the Potomac) we find ourselves contemplating also what seems to me perilously near to a narrow sectionalism exclusive of a great deal which seemed to inhere in the original democratic idea. We are to revive tradition by cultivating the soil in a religious community, with as few free-thinking Jews around as possible. 'Tis a vision that indubitably pleases some. It does not seem to me a very probable solution of our present difficulties.

And, really, in regard to Christanity, the thought will persist in me that Jesus was born in Nazareth, in Palestine; and, in regard to Godhead, that, as the Jew said, "One of our boys 'made' it." Which remark is meant to be neither frivolous nor blasphemous, simply historical, if the Bible is history. But I suppose Christian Jews would be all right in that hypothetical community.

When Mr. Eliot moves on to discussing orthodoxy as applied to contemporary literature, with the emphasis "upon its collective rather than its static meaning," he seems to me a good deal sounder. In regard to "heretical" writers, "the essential," he says, "of any important heresy is not simply that it is wrong: it is that it is partly right." (This sounds a great deal like G. K. C., but let that pass.)

> It is characteristic of the more interesting heretics, in the context in which I use the term, that they have an exceptionally acute perception, or profound insight, of some part of the truth; an insight more important often than the inferences of those who are aware of more but less acutely aware of anything.

It must be (I am merely musing) extremely comfortable to be in the fold of the Faith, since from time immemorial this has been its attitude: that it is in possession of the whole Truth. It has not infrequently been pointed out by members of the Faith that the sharing of it gives a poet a foundation, background, and point of departure likely to strengthen and unify his work in a way that, for the speculative poet outside the fold, is beyond his hope. And yet if one cannot accept the fundamental and essential dogma, one must necessarily just get along without it. In this brief life one's only hope seems to be to be "acutely aware" of a few things.

In the course of his second lecture Mr. Eliot analyzes three short stories, by Katherine Mansfield, by D. H. Lawrence, and by James Joyce. All deal with situations having moral implications. In Miss Mansfield's "the moral and social ramifications are outside the terms of reference," and "our satisfaction recognizes the skill with which the author has handled perfectly the *minimum* material." In D. H. Lawrence's women, Mr. Eliot finds "the absence of any moral or social sense," and I am inclined to agree with him. Mr. Lawrence is, for Mr. Eliot's purposes, "an almost perfect example of the heretic. And the most ethically orthodox of the more eminent writers of my time is Mr. Joyce." That last sentence strikes me as perfectly true. I have always thought so. But then Mr. Joyce is deeply steeped in the Catholic religion.

But I am a Protestant agnostic. Mr. Eliot finds that Protestant agnosticism "has decayed in the last two generations." I shouldn't wonder. My father's agnosticism seems to me, as I look back upon it, a much more virile thing than my own. Mr. Eliot then takes up Mr. Irving Babbitt's Confucianism. He does not see how anyone can understand Kant and Hegel without a pretty intimate knowledge of the German language, mind, and people; or Confucius, without knowledge of Chinese "and a long frequentation of the best Chinese society." By analogy, he studied Sanskrit for two years and had a year of Patanjali's metaphysics, and was left "in a state of enlightened mystification" concerning Indian philosophy. A good deal the same state as that in which I have been left when, occasionally, I have tackled the Fathers of the Church or essayed to understand theological dialectic. Mr. Eliot also examines Mr. Pound's "theological twist" and the mind of the younger and older Yeats, in each case touching upon the environment in which these minds were formed.

In the third lecture we are gently introduced to the diabolic influence operating on certain modern writers, with an introductory discussion of the decay of blasphemy—which is really to Mr. Eliot a pity, because it indicates the decay of faith. We must respect George Eliot "for being a serious moralist, but deplore her individualistic morals."

> What I have been leading up to is the following assertion: that when morals cease to be a matter of tradition and orthodoxy—that is, of the habits of the community formulated, corrected, and elevated by the continuous thought and direction of the Church—and when each man is to elaborate his own, then *personality* becomes a thing of alarming importance.

Thus, Thomas Hardy wrote "as nearly for the sake of 'self-expression' as a man well can," which is true. But the self he expressed does not edify Mr. Eliot. The diabolic evidently intruded. Evil, we are told, "may operate through men of genius of the most excellent character." Probably it wouldn't if they were Catholics. The Doctrine of Original Sin is, to Mr. Eliot, "a very real and tremendous thing."

"Because," says Mr. Williamson in the book I have already referred to, Eliot "accepts the Church's doctrine, he is not blind to her faults, and the very bitterness of his early satire is a measure of his belief." For Eliot, if you remember, once wrote "the most scathing satire of the Church in modern poetry. . . ."

> The hippo's feeble steps may err
> In compassing material ends,
> While the true Church need never stir
> To gather in its dividends.

The true approach to Eliot is as a religious poet, the most profound and sensitive religious poet of our time, though he has now undergone a process of crystallization from which his art may never recover. But in days gone by, in "Mr. Eliot's Sunday Morning Service," he could write:

> The wilderness is cracked and browned,
> But through the water pale and thin
> Still shine the unoffending feet—

lines as beautiful as any in religious poetry.

As a leader out of the wilderness, Mr. Eliot has gone through his own waste land to the purlieus and then into the confines of the Church's strong fortress. There we leave him, who have perhaps a more difficult road to follow, and just possibly will not lack of our own findings. We may or may not have more contact with reality; but it seems to us that we have.

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The Bowling Green

Streamlines

OLD QUERCUS and his high-spirited Vizier, Eddie Ziegler, setting off on another Trade Survey, had with them as viaticum a bottle of superb Scottish whiskey. It was *Auld George*, the gift of a generous bookseller in Cleveland. The careful Scots distiller had included in the package a printed instruction about opening the seal topping the bottle. *"The Tear-down strip will break off half way down if the attempt to open it is half-hearted."*

When, cried Mr. Ziegler, did Scotland begin to open its whiskey in half-hearted fashion?

The Vizier, once nominated in the *Publishers' Weekly* as the Best Dressed Traveller in the book trade, is sometimes disturbed by the imperfections of his Caliph's tenue. At a haberdashery in Hamilton, N. Y., Old Quercus's springtime impulse was tempted by some lively shirts in blue and cinnamon colors, set out for the youth of Colgate University. Quercus perhaps aspired to be proud-pied April dressed in all his trim, but his counsellor was stern. A Lecturer, he said, should not wear anything but plain white. If you have fifteen minutes to spare, why not get a hair cut?

What lovely country it is between Utica and Hamilton and then on towards the Finger Lakes. I was told that the rounded hills were in some way due to ancient glaciers. Was there also once some spiritual convulsion in that region which left moraines of religious oddity, deposits of sectarian assurance, fossils of crystallized creed? One hears, even in rapid transit, of rich potholes of Mormonism, Adventists, Roycrofters, Utopians of all sorts, and the birthplace (justly marked on all gasoline company road maps) of John D. Rockefeller. And some Hellenist surveyor must once have swept over the land with a Greek theodolite, sprinkling lovely place-names from the classics. What an engaging book could be written on the Spiritual Eccentricity of Upstate New York. And, as theology and wine have always been kinsprits, it is also a land of grapes.

I noticed that Colgate University—like Syracuse, which I had visited not long before—is set on a hill. It is the right idea for a college. The medieval notion was to pick out the junction of two streams and build the university in a meadow—which becomes, in winter, when most studying is done, a swamp.

The Vizier is by temperament a City Slicker; one of the ancient yarns told of him is that when he was taken sailing in a centerboard sloop he exclaimed with horror that the water was coming up through the middle of the boat; and they set him to work to pump it out. So much of his life is spent in large cities and hotels that the comfortable Colgate Inn, a delightful college-town hostelry with flowered wall-papers and pinewood fittings, appealed to him vastly. He fell asleep, douce man, promising himself a Real Country Breakfast. Which he had: fruit and cereal and steak and potatoes. But allow poor Old Quercus his moments too: it was he who learned the first name of the enchantingly pretty girl at the desk.

There is a little lake on the Colgate campus where a pair of swans are now raising this spring's family. The lady swan was sitting high on her nest, which she had built very publicly on a small promontory; the college had kindly put a fence across to guard her from intrusion; her consort floated nearby in snowy duplicate; at forage, I suppose. But the important thing seemed to be that when the nesting began these stern parents drove last year's brood, half a dozen well-grown birds, away from the placid water of their cygnethood. With screams and buffets they expelled them into a swift-running stream that feeds the lake, where these youngsters now have to support themselves and must paddle vigorously in the rushing flow. It seemed an opportune parable of what all colleges are about to do to their young protégés.

In an old volume of Demosthenes in the Colgate Library I saw a bookplate marked as an *Anti-Tea Book*. The librarian explained that a hundred years ago students at Colgate who voluntarily gave up tea in the college dining room were credited with a reduction in board, and this money was used to buy books for the young library. I was pleased also with the librarian's suggestion of a quotation from Sir William Osler as motto for the college library: *Let the word be your slave and not your master.*

A poet met us at Hamilton and drove us to Aurora. As a poet should, he drove deliberately; when we heard frogs whistling in marshy sumps he halted the car to listen. He quoted a fine phrase from Robert Frost describing that narrow edge of sound, but I have lost it. It was a country of hills and streams; excellent barns and old churches; glimpses perfect for the artist in woodcuts, and it was a happiness to learn that J. J. Lankes, whose hand is so perfect in that skill, is now teaching at Wells College. As we approached the college strings of wild geese were rising off the lake. There was an agreeable rustic touch in a sign at the edge of the village: CAUTION—BULL IN PASTURE; and a few yards farther another notice: IF IN TROUBLE CALL THE SHERIFF. This reminded me of an advice I saw long ago at the Bronx Zoo: BABY CARRIAGE EXIT AT BUFFALO ENTRANCE.

It is doubtful manners to comment on what one has seen only so briefly; but Wells in its green seclusion by Cayuga seemed as near the ideal site for a college as one may find. Founded in 1868 by Henry Wells of the Wells Fargo Express, it still preserves an old overland coach as a historic relic and has not outgrown its sound classical doctrine. When I asked what lectures were going on in the morning the first three I heard of were Chaucer, Middle English, and Juvenal, and this pleased me. Nor does it mean that the college is remote from present concerns for I noticed in the catalogue a course called Sociology 363, *The Family:*—

> A study of the composition and functions of the family, including the history of matrimonial institutions, analysis of relationships within the family, factors in the economic and social environment influencing marriage and family life, family disorganization, divorce and illegitimacy, and proposals for reshaping family life. No textbook will be used in this course.

I am always a great lover of college catalogues and I wish that those interested to know what has become of Tennyson's Princess might study the Wells College booklet. I'm not quite happy about the word "Musicology" which seems to have crept into college jargon lately: wouldn't History of Music do? And one thing puzzles me strongly. The catalogue says "Seventeen miles south lies Auburn." Unless my geography is strangely mixed, Auburn is northward from Aurora.

Wells seems to have made wise and gracious adjustment between the old classical spirit and the stirring novelties of Now. The statue of Pallas, the La Farge stained glass, the delicious water-colors (some by Sir Joshua, did they tell me?) remind us of one phase; an exhibition of ultra modern art then on show was a proof of forward spirit. Macmillan Hall, where I had the good luck to sit in at a Chaucer Class and to talk with President Macmillan for whom it is named, is one of the most beautiful new buildings I've seen anywhere—almost too beautiful still; for college halls need a lot of living in before they contribute overtones of their own. I was sorry not to have a chance to visit the Library, named for Mrs. Grover Cleveland of the class of '85. The whole scene emanates a distinguished sense of breeding and happiness, and I could not help thinking what pleasant memories of good fortune will be retained by those young Ladies of the Lake. The college began with Wells Fargo—and it has gone far.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, BY J. S. SARGENT
(*Taft Museum, Cincinnati*)

After my lecture on Medieval Love, said an instructor at a girls' college, one of the students immediately eloped.

Boy, cried Old Quercus, that's Teaching.

CROSS FERTILIZATIONS:—Dr. Earl Daniels of Colgate gave me *The Mystery of the Cape Cod Players* and I promised him *The Nine Tailors* in exchange. He is much the winner. ☞Persuaded the Co-op Bookstore at Wells College to order a copy of Alexander Smith's *Dreamthorpe*. ☞At Grover Barnum's bookstore in Ithaca found a copy of *Some Friends of Dr. Johnson* written by a Cornell professor, but gave it to Mr. R. B. Adam, the Johnson collector, and am ashamed I didn't fix the author's name in mind. ☞In Cleveland, B. Q. and G. Q. gave me a nice old Porter & Coates copy of *The Desert of Ice, or The Further Adventures of Captain Hatteras*, by Jules Verne. ☞ In Cincinnati, found at James's Bookstore (for 10 cents) a copy of *Candide* which had once belonged in the 80's to the Cincinnati Police Library. In those days the cops perhaps had time for reading. Also, at John Kidd's, the Everyman edition of De Quincey's *Reminiscences of the Lake Poets* (my third copy of this book. It was put into my mind by seeing, at Harry Korner's bookshop in Cleveland, Mary Brooks's drawing of Ottery St. Mary where Coleridge's father was rector and had the adventure of the shirt-tail). ☞By happy chance, met the bookseller Richard Laukhuff in the Railroad Terminal in Cleveland on a rainy Sunday morning. The modern Terminal is almost the Cathedral of our civilization, where one may wander about and admire the various brightly lit shrines of trade. Mr. Laukhuff suggested, with much wisdom, that publishers and booksellers have debauched the public by incessant insistence on the Very Newest Thing. ☞Ted Robinson, Cleveland's "Philosopher of Folly," seen at Higbee's, said he thought Struthers Burt's *Entertaining the Islanders* the best book of 1933 and in a class with *South Wind*. ☞In the Meridian Bookshop in Indianapolis was told that Booth Tarkington is a regular customer there. ☞The Book Department of Elder & Johnston, Dayton, Ohio, has sold over 7,000 scrapbooks for people to paste in Dickens's Love Letters now being syndicated in some newspaper chain. ☞In a cellar of 2nd hand books at Pettibone McLean's in Dayton decided that I want to reread Conrad's *The Arrow of Gold.*

The huge new Railroad Station in Cincinnati, with its circular leather settees, industrial mosaics by Winold Reiss and general color scheme of orange juice or Old Chrome, is an extraordinary performance. I should like to study it more carefully before venturing opinion, but my first thought was that in a few years it will date very poignantly. I nominate it as one of the Incredibilities by about 1950. Compare, by contrast, how well the Grand Central and Pennsylvania Stations in New York have worn. It struck me as odd that among so much modern ingenuity the telephone booths are arranged so that one stands in one's own light while trying to read numbers in the chained directories.

One treasure house in Cincinnati which will never be out of fashion, exquisite in every line and color and courteous care, is the Taft Museum. To see Reynolds: *Mrs. John Weyland and Her Son*, Lawrence: *The Ladies Maryborough*, and Constable: *Dedham Mill* (to mention only three of so many surprises) was to remember that some things never grow old. And even more exciting to my own private taste to come upon Sargent's portrait of R. L. S. with the long hair, long fingers with two rings, bell-shaped trousers and velvet coat. The Vizier was disturbed and said he feared it was a bit effeminate. A queer contrast is the sombrely tragic bronze of young Abe Lincoln, by George Gray Barnard, in Lytle Park near the Taft mansion. This is known as the colic or bellyache statue by reason of the agonized face, and hands folded over the stomach.

A persevering connoisseur of the Old Fashioned Cocktail may be permitted to express his thrill in first tasting one in its native territory, the Commonwealth of Kentucky. For the Old Fashioned, as originally compounded (without the sophistications of alien fruit, with Bourbon whiskey and ice crushed, not in blocks) is said, I believe, to have come from the Pendennis Club in Louisville? By the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Polk Laffoon the surveyors were able to drink a health to Shakespeare (whose birthday it was) in this empirical potion. This was at Fort Mitchell, Kentucky; and there also I saw the Blue Grass for the first time. Was it just the trickery of sunset light, or the romanticism of one seeing the new spring colors after an exceptional winter? Certainly that Kentucky turf seemed to have an extraordinarily vivid greenness. It would have pleased Walt Whitman.

At Mr. Laffoon's farm I noticed a framed commission, signed by his brother the Governor, appointing him a Commodore of the Ohio River—certainly an enviable office if I may judge by my visit to the steamboat *Chris Greene* which was lying at the levee in Cincinnati. But that adventure I must postpone until next week.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

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The New Books

Fiction

THE GORGEOUS HUSSY. By Samuel Hopkins Adams. Houghton Mifflin. 1934. $2.50.

The entertainment value of this historical novel is high. Easy to read, amusing, and informative, it affectionately illuminates the city of Washington during the age of Jackson. Mr. Adams has the deft touch in his political writing, an ironic urbanity that delights in showing how intrigue and conniving, through the interplay of personalities, make history. In "Revelry," eight years ago, he was bitter; here in "The Gorgeous Hussy" he is tolerant and occupied with the picturesque. This is not to say that politics are to him more lovely than when he ended that rousing first chapter of "Revelry;" but these Jacksonian absurdities are distant, they have the seductiveness of "the good old days." And most potent of all mellowing influences, Mr. Adams is in love with his hussy.

Through the first two-thirds of the story, Peggy O'Neale is the conquering beauty, bowling over social obstacles by the force of ebullient charm, and becoming at the end of this period a veritable Alger heroine—from tavern wench to political power supreme. The triumphal march goes through the first forty years of her life, and cheering her on are Mr. Adams's eminently satisfying (to the laymen of historical research) portraits: the Jacksons—Uncle Andy and his ill-starred "Rawchel," Daniel Webster, Clay, Van Buren, Calhoun, and a dozen others. By most readers, these shadows of great men will be immediately identified with the men themselves. Only when Mr. Adams forces the draught of his invention, and gives us mere snippets that he labels E. A. Poe, or Audubon, or Lincoln (in the last pages), do we feel that he is indiscreet. These sins are small, however, in contrast with the strength in his major characters and the verisimilitude of his larger portraits. As a whole, the book is definitely worth the reading. R. B. M.

THE LONG WHIP. By Eugene Campbell. Scribners. 1934. $2.

"The more I see of human nature, the more I always marvel at human presumptions," the old family lawyer said at Frederick Fortescu's death. Yet even he for all his glib prophecies of the family's future, could not foresee to what limits presumption would go. Old Fortescu had come from England a poor, obscure blacksmith, embittered by the thrashing given him by a young lord squire and M. F. H. He died worth millions in America, leaving behind him a coach and four with the Fortescu arms upon it, and a portrait of himself in full hunting regalia though he'd never ridden to hounds in his life. The third generation found Blair, dominant heir, all his grandfather could have desired, with estates in Virginia, Newport, and New York. In him Mr. Campbell has drawn a full-length portrait, done with sharpness, directness and telling simplicity, of a man possessed by his money and veneration for family.

The plot of the story woven about him is complex, and overladen with incident, but the novel has vitality and is more arresting than most tales of the *beau monde.* E. L. V. A.

BASSETT. By Stella Gibbons. Longmans, Green. 1934. $2.

One of the characters of this story is a very charming young man who always breaks off the important events of his life before they reach their climax. Miss Gibbons does the same thing with her novel. Such excellent characterizations as she accomplishes cry out for more development than they get; the author is content to use them only as material for sharp, but static, satire. As humor, "Bassett" is highly enjoyable; it has delicious moments, and considerable penetration. As a novel, it is a very ramshackle affair, telling two stories which have no connection with each other except that of geographical proximity. One story, and the better one, is that of two old maids who, much to their surprise, manage to make a success of a country boarding-house. The other, more ordinary, is the story of the rich family next door, whose younger members are too self-satisfied to bring off a love affair. Although the two milieux suggest obvious contrasts, the stories do not merge. "Bassett" is readable and amusing, but it is not another "Cold Comfort Farm."
G. S.

Miscellaneous

YOU MUST RELAX. By Edmund Jacobson. Whittlesey. 1934. $1.50.

Relaxing is no elusive subjective demon to Dr. Jacobson. Neither is it something pleasant to indulge in for its own sweet sake. We are a nervous nation, with nerve strain rampant, and it will take scientific relaxation to bring normalcy to nerves, to relieve the insomniac, and help those troubled with colitis, indigestion, and high blood pressure.

Some highly interesting work that promises much has been done by Dr. Jacobson, and this book is a popular account of the objective acquirement of what he calls progressive relaxation. First we must train our sense to note the dull signals from the muscle sense in contracted muscles, and then relax and relax them until the last remnant of muscle sense has gone. We must become skilled at this with our arms in the beginning, then extend it to legs, torso, and even to the eye sockets. The relaxation finally achieved, after a year or so of this attention, exceeds that even of the unscientifically trained mystic, as electrical measurements show. Once this skill is acquired we can relax while at work all the muscle groups except those needed to push the pen or direct customers. The two dozen photographs in the book should help reach this goal. If one does not care to be frightened into relaxing, then he may skip the sections dealing with neurotic America and start relaxing at the fifth chapter.

It is unfortunate that Dr. Jacobson did not relax while he wrote this book, for it bears the earmarks of a professor laboring to be elementary. Let it be hoped that its jerkiness and recurrent condescension will not prejudice the reader against the real worth of teaching progressive relaxation.

D. A. L.

Latest Books Received

ART

The Art of the Greeks. H. B. Walters. Macmillan. $6.50.

INTERNATIONAL

Democracy and Nazi-ism. G. G. Fox. Chicago: Argus. 75 cents.

PAMPHLETS

Outline Maps. Bloomington, Ill.: McKnight. *The Old English Newspaper.* Mrs. H. Richardson. Oxford Univ. Pr. 80 cents. *Trailaide Transformation.* W. H. Carr. American Museum of National History. *Thoughts: Religious and Philosophic.* A. E. Grimshaw, Jr. Hawthorne, N. J.: The Author. 75 cents.

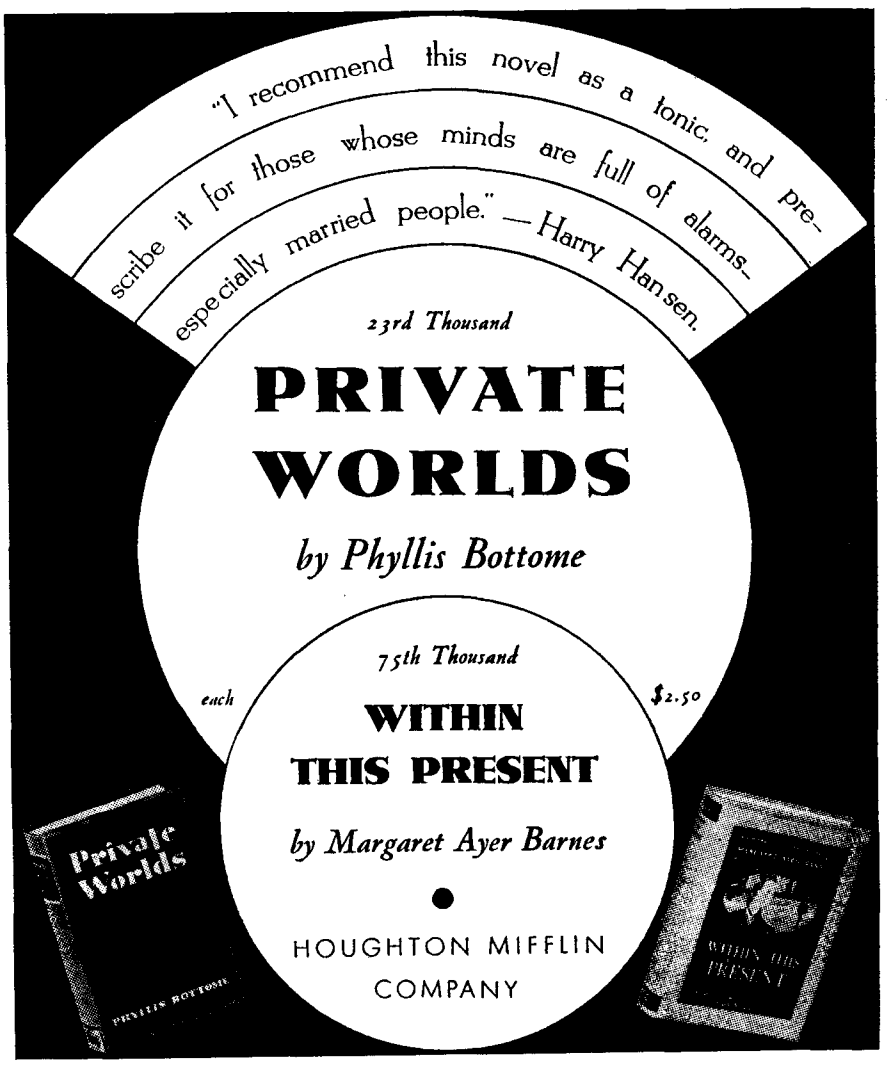
TRAVEL

Finding the Worth While in the Orient. L. S. Kirtland. McBride. $3.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE THIRD OWL *Robert T. Casey* (Bobbs-Merrill: $2.)	Head of run-to-seed rich family found dead beneath antique owl with evil history. Jim Sands starts deducing.	Not the best of the Sands opera, but failings as mystery are redeemed by spooky atmosphere.	Diverting
MURDER OFF KEY *Kathleen Sproul* (Dutton: $2.)	Much-loved wife of famous 'cellist found poisoned in sanitarium. Numerous lovers are suspect. Dick Wilson picks killer.	Though yarn becomes confused at times and outcome is slightly disappointing, suspense holds up satisfactorily.	60-40
KHARDUNI *Andrew Soutar* (Macaulay: $2.)	Omniscient Mr. Kharduni confounds Cruxton of Secret Service with queer gadgets and saves nice young man from dungeon cell.	Television, telepathy, and other scientfic wonders fail to bolster up talkative and unduly melodramatic yarn.	No go
THE CLUTCHING HAND *Arthur B. Reeve* (Reilly & Lee: $2.)	Craig Kennedy and his cock-eyed science foil criminal who kills and drugs and robs ad lib.	Mystery stories have gone a long way since Craig Kennedy appeared, but that gent changeth not.	Silly
THE PUZZLE OF THE SILVER PERSIAN *Stuart Palmer* (Crime Club: $2)	Assorted murders on shipboard and in England with Hildegarde Withers very much on the job.	Well-plotted story leads wry detective, shipmates, readers fear-haunted chase through London and ancestral castle.	Very good


"I recommend this novel as a tonic, and prescribe it for those whose minds are full of alarms— especially married people." —Harry Hansen.
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PRIVATE WORLDS
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The PHŒNIX NEST

By WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

I HAVEN'T seen *Archie MacLeish's* contribution to the Monte Carlo Ballet Russe, in the shape of a libretto on the building of the Union Pacific Railway. But I think that is a corking idea for a ballet. I was looking over *Dunbar's* "History of Travel in America" the other night, and it contains a gorgeous old photograph of the driving of the last spike and the climactic hour in which the two locomotives met head on, and those on board each respective cowcatcher proffered bottles of beer —or was it champagne?—to each other. . . . Mr. Canby confirms my belief that the episode lends itself to the theatre. He has seen the ballet and says: "It's rough, tough, rhythmic, and very funny. Massine (the barkeep) has the best humorous dance of this or many seasons. His Russian idea of an Irishman doing a negro dance works out into something more French than France . . . It was champagne. I saw the bottles." . . . *Guy Holt's* death still seems unbelievable to me, his was so vital a personality. One of the most intelligent and charming of men, with a quick, delightful wit and a mind of striking originality, he is one of the men who represented the best in literature and in publishing. There was always a kind of gallantry about Guy. He so thoroughly enjoyed life that his removal from it is just one of those things it is particularly difficult to understand. There are far too few such people. Most of us are very dull and deadly by comparison . . . Perhaps part of it was that Guy's parents were of the theatre, and theatrical life develops some of the best sports in the world . . . But Guy also possessed an instinctively fine literary taste. The uproar of modern publishing didn't fool him a bit. He knew what was what. I salute him in passing. He was an "ace" . . . I wonder why columnists are beginning to bore me? Perhaps because I have reached the age when I am beginning to bore myself. But I was thinking it over this morning. How long they have all been dishing up the same kind of small talk concerning the same old set of celebrities. It is not to be wondered at, in a way. The wonder is that most columnists don't crack under the strain well within a decade. To keep abreast of gossip year after year, and to sleuth the topical day after day, and always to be humorous—what an infernal job! . . . I have a real respect for the veterans, because I know, if only slightly, how onerous such a job can be. . . . But I keep wondering about the same old set of celebrities. Probably because it's Spring and I'm restless. But how long we have been hearing anecdotes of just certain people. It's like the magazine covers. Month after month they parade the same—or about the same, list of "big names." One reads the stories attached to these names, and in nine cases out of ten they are just another set of stories in the same vein by people with whose work one was thoroughly familiar back in 1906. Thoroughly familiar, I say advisedly, because none of them have anything any more than their old routine. They have never learned a new set of steps. . . . Isn't it (without wishing to lose my own little job or wishing any of the big-shot columnists to lose theirs) about time that some of the younger people developed a few columnists to tell us what the younger white hopes are up to? The veterans aren't in touch with the promising young people. There was a day when even such storied names as *Dreiser* and *Fannie Hurst* and *Edna Ferber* and *George S. Kaufman* were of no particular importance. There was a day, for instance, in *F. P. A.'s* column when "*Smeed*" and "*G. S. K.*" were "contribs"—which means *Deems Taylor* and *Kaufman;* long before fame had laurelled them. Where is the column today that is publishing early squibs or verses by, or talking about, those boys and girls who will be Big Names tomorrow? . . . Several things have contributed to this mood of mine. One was seeing a *revue* called "New Faces"—prominent in which, both in the writing of certain numbers and in the acting, was a youngster named *Nancy Hamilton.* To me her work was delightful. I'd never heard anything about her before. Probably if I were as speakeasy-conscious as I used to be, or got around at all now to those resorts which have taken the place of the old "speaks"—it seems so long ago now, doesn't it, that we had Prohibition?—I should have heard comment upon her promise. But so far as my informants of the press go (I mean, from reading them), I wouldn't have known anything. Then last night I was sitting up finishing advance galleys of a new novel by that very funny singer of the "dear old songs," *Eleanor Shaler.* She has a reputation now as a *comedienne,* and in her odd moments she has tossed off a young novel (Morrow), chiefly concerned with show business, that has verve and authenticity. There must be plenty in New York trying to make their way into the kingdom of letters. But even the younger people I know are not exactly the youngest now. And where are hidden away the future *Marc Connellys, "Red" Lewises, Ferbers, Hursts, Dreisers, Booth Tarkingtons,* and *Irvin Cobbs?* . . . I am naming popular names purposely. Certainly the Big Names of today aren't going on forever. Another crop must be in process of growth. The attitude of the average magazine editor is to feed the public the same Big Names year in and year out, their idea presumably being that the public doesn't want to read anyone else and that only those names will keep the circulation up to a figure that will still please the publishers and allow them to commute to Palm Beach and the Riviera. . . . If you ask me, I think that is all a lot of boloney; and I think that most of us who are supposed to follow the literary "scene" are asleep at the switch. . . . It may be that the literary agents know more about what is really going on in contemporary writing than most of the publishers and most of the editors. Occasionally you get a publisher like *Harrison Smith* who possesses that excited, ferreting curiosity concerning new writers that every publisher *should* possess, and "gets around" incredibly much. . . . Anyway, I had to get this all off my chest. . . . *Fulton Oursler* is, queerly enough it has always seemed to me, editor of *Liberty.* I cannot connect the man with the magazine at all, somehow. At all events, he is a pretty good novelist, as you know, but he hasn't had time to write a new one for four years. Now he expects to have a new book for Covici, Friede for Fall publication. They say that as yet no satisfactory title has been found for it. . . . *Dan Totheroh's* play about the *Brontës,* "Moor Born," seems to me the best play about famous literary characters since "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Moreover, I greatly admired the acting of the cast, particularly that of *Miss Gahagan* and of *Mr. Glenn Anders.* The play was so thoroughly satisfying to me, in the mounting, in the direction, and above all in the skilled dramatic writing and the rare integrity of Mr. Totheroh's script, that I left the theatre feeling greatly inspired. All *Saturday Review* subscribers should be sure to see it! . . . And what a job to make a play about the Brontës! Even *Clemence Dane,* whom I so much admire for "Come of Age," didn't seem to me to succeed in "Wild Decembers," which I have read in book-form. . . . *Edna St. Vincent Millay* will be back in this country by the time you read this, and will doubtless have delivered to her publishers the manuscript of her new book of poems, "Epitaph on the Race of Man," for Fall publication. She will also do a preface for a book that Harper's Juvenile Department will publish, "A Day on Skates," by *Hilda Van Stockum.* Miss Van Stockum is Miss Millay's niece. . . . From St. Lucia, British West Indies, have come various rhymed missives ever and anon from *Frances Frost,* who has been wintering there with her husband, *Samuel Gaillard Stoney.* Frances's rhymed letters are superbly amusing, illustrating her profound sense of humor. But she is also a grave New Englander, as those who have been fortunate enough to read her books of short poems and her latest and finest poem, "Woman of This Earth," will have recognized. So she is now in Cambridge, Massachusetts. Miss Frost is one of the younger women poets who has forged steadily ahead in her work, and her last book is a particularly beautiful creation. . . . *Walter Lippmann's* "The Method of Freedom" will be out late this month. Macmillan is the publisher. Mr. Lippmann thinks that the essentials of free government are more seriously challenged now than at any time since the American colonies declared their independence.

Three Exciting Novels!

ONE of the most impressive new talents that has arrived in America in years." —New York Times.

"The best American novel I have read this year . . . Tom Paine **and** Thomas Jefferson, **were they alive today (they do not seem to be), would admire** The Land of Plenty. **Unless there is some vigorous objection, I should like to nominate it for the Pulitzer Prize,"** —Clifton Fadiman, **in** The New Yorker.

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author of **LAUGH AND LIE DOWN**

"Welcome (this as) a really good novel, frank, brutal, coarse, but not for the sake of coarseness, intensely human, and to be read with mounting pleasure and interest."—Henry Seidel Canby **in** The Saturday Review of Literature.

"Critics of all stripes will pronounce this a first rate novel. As a tragically true story of human beings it will hit home to most men of good will."—Time. **$2.50**

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LOUIS GOLDING
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"A rich accomplishment; it marks an important notch on the Golding hickory stick."—Fannie Hurst.

"Distinctly a more widely traveled and more cosmopolitan affair than Magnolia Street." —William Soskin.

"It has sweep and action . . . it is rich and full-bodied. There is spaciousness in this story, and a sure handling of plot, character, and situations."—Stanley Went **in** The Saturday Review of Literature.

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FINNLEY WREN is vigorous, original, modern, bawdy and beautiful. Here is a modern man's story of a modern man. The love story of Wren and the girl he met on the boat is one of the loveliest of modern idylls."—N. Y. Herald Tribune.

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"It is keen, fast-moving, bawdy, philosophical, irresponsible, delightful hooey. No one but Aldous Huxley has packed so much intellectual dynamite, sensuous poetry, japes, diatribes, pleasing pseudo-philosophy, parodies and fourth-dimensional horseplay into one novel since the novel went prissy."—Chicago News.

"One of the grandest books I've read in a long time. I couldn't put it down. Such a mixture of roaring humor, beastliness, and constant excitement. It is charged with electricity."—Marcia Passage of The Sunwise Turn Bookshop. **$2.50**

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Crime Club

CORNER — No. 5

Acclaim for—

DEATH OF A GHOST

N. Y. Times: "Compulsory reading . . . **Margery Allingham** has quite surpassed herself."

Will Cuppy: "A swell thriller of uncommon merit in every direction."

The New Yorker: "This one has practically everything that goes to make up a good, airtight mystery."

The new mystery novel by the author of "Mystery Mile." $2

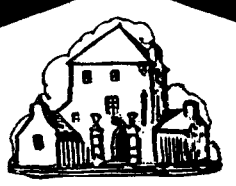
The new STUART PALMER Mystery—

A brilliant fantasia of death—another delightful Miss Hildegarde Withers detective adventure by the author of "The Puzzle of the Pepper Tree" and "The Penguin Pool Murders." Crime Club Selection—never serialized. $2

THE PUZZLE OF THE SILVER PERSIAN

THE CRIME CLUB, Garden City, N. Y.

RANDOM HOUSE SUCCESSES



ULYSSES by James Joyce

Complete and unexpurgated, with a new preface by Joyce and the now famous decision of Judge Woolsey. *Now 35th thousand.* $3.50.

DAYS WITHOUT END by Eugene O'Neill

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Plays and Poems of W. S. GILBERT

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All seven volumes comprising Proust's complete work (bearing the general title "Remembrance of Things Past") are now available: *Swann's Way; Within a Budding Grove; The Guermantes Way; Cities of the Plain; The Captive; The Sweet Cheat Gone; The Past Recaptured.* Each $2.50

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Publishers of *"Ivan the Terrible", "Boris Godunof," "Letters of Robert Browning."*

The Clearing House

Conducted by AMY LOVEMAN

Inquiries in regard to the choice of books should be addressed to MISS LOVEMAN, c/o *The Saturday Review*. A stamped and addressed envelope should be enclosed for reply.

TEXTBOOKS ON SOCIOLOGY

TWO correspondents, moved by but a single thought, ask us for books on sociology.

Mrs. C. A. S. of Wichita Falls, Texas, would like some work which can be "used in a course in sociology to serve as a foundation for this subject," and H. C. K. of Grosse Pointe Park, Mich., "is interested in a book which tells of the origin of society; something which tells all about it, how it started, how it is carried on today, and how people enter into it."

"Societal evolution," as Mr. Keller calls it, is so important a subject, and our own knowledge of it so poor a reed to lean on, that rather than trust to the titles we might in our ignorance have ill chosen, we wrote for advice to that good friend of *The Saturday Review*, Mr. Henry Pratt Fairchild, who has frequently passed judgment on books in the field for us. We turned to him since we regarded his authority as outstanding, and so, of course, our search ended where it had begun when we discovered that the very latest work on sociology to come from the press is Mr. Fairchild's own GENERAL SOCIOLOGY (Wiley). From what we know of its author's writing we can say without fear of mistake that the book must be pleasant as well as highly informative reading. It is more comprehensive in scope than other textbooks, particularly with respect to its inclusion of the sociological aspects of economic life. Rather out of regard for Mr. Fairchild's modesty than because we think it necessary to quote other titles than his own we print the following paragraph from his letter:

> Excellent titles in this field are Frederick E. Lumley's PRINCIPLES OF SOCIOLOGY (McGraw-Hill). This book is written in a genial vein. The author gives evidence of wide reading in many fields, and draws his illustrations from a refreshing variety of sources. OUTLINES OF SOCIOLOGY, by Gillin and Blackmar (Macmillan) is one of the standard texts, somewhat more technical and prosaic. SOCIETY, ITS STRUCTURE AND CHANGES (Long & Smith), by R. M. MacIver, is perhaps the best of the books written from the somewhat philosophical point of view.

SHOULD MEN FIGHT?

Prompt on the heels of a discussion we had with two of our associates as we made up the paper the other evening, came a letter from a college freshman asking for help in determining his opinions in regard to peace and war. His doubts and perplexities fell so completely in line with those we had been debating as we pinned our pages into shape, that his request particularly interested us. We repeat his own words:

I would like to get hold of any books [writes P. J., Jr., of Chevy Chase, D. C.] which will help me to arrive at some definite conclusions on the subject of youth and war. I have tried to formulate some satisfactory tenets on which I can take my stand, but thus far I have been signally unsuccessful.

P. J. Jr. has read Beverly Nichols's CRY HAVOC (Doubleday, Doran) and Vera Brittain's TESTAMENT OF YOUTH (Macmillan), the latter one of the most moving and effective anti-war documents we have ever read. Very similar in vein to it, and also highly impressive in its denunciation of war, is Storm Jameson's NO TIME LIKE THE PRESENT (Knopf). These are all books which approach war from the personal angle and show its incidence on the individual. But the more objective studies are hardly less telling. Norman Angell's THE GREAT ILLUSION (Putnams), with its demonstration of the economic futility of war, the symposium by eighteen experts, WHAT WOULD BE THE CHARACTER OF THE NEXT WAR? (Smith & Haas), and G. Lowes Dickinson's WAR, ITS NATURE, CAUSE AND CURE (Harcourt, Brace) set forth dispassionately yet to our mind most convincingly the uselessness of resorting to force as a permanent settlement of ills. An enlightening and interesting discussion of the sort which we imagine P. J. Jr. particularly wants is to be found in Bertrand Russell's WHY MEN FIGHT (Boni). Finally there's one book which we think everyone should read, or perhaps, rather see, who wishes to clear his mind of any possible lurking belief that war has glamour. That's THE FIRST WORLD WAR (Simon & Schuster), a volume of remarkable pictures with captions by Laurence Stallings.

JOSH BILLINGS

H. W. O. of Webster Groves, Mo., writes to ask us if we can give him some information about the humorist, Josh Billings. Are any of his books in print, he inquires.

H. W. O.'s inquiry reminds us of Hawthorne's story of THE THREEFOLD DESTINY whose hero returned to his home to find there what he had roamed the world over to secure. For it is from Webster Groves itself that the latest book on Josh Billings has come, a little volume entitled JOSH BILLINGS, YANKEE HUMORIST (Webster Groves: Mark Twain Society), by Cyril Clemens, son of Mark Twain. We are sure that H. W. O. can secure more information from his townsman than we can give him. The works of Josh Billings, or Henry Wheeler Shaw as he actually was, are published complete by M. A. Donohue & Co., of Chicago.

PECCAVI

Miss Anne Carroll Moore, superintendent of work with children of the New York Public Library, has called our attention to the fact that all unwittingly we ascribed to her a book written by another. LITERATURE OLD AND NEW FOR CHILDREN (Houghton Mifflin) which we attributed to her in a discussion of club programs in the issue of April 7, is the work of Annie E. Moore, who retired a year or more ago from the position of assistant professor of education of Teachers College, Columbia University. The book is a selection from literature for children under ten years old, considered from the viewpoint of the experienced teacher rather than as of critical appraisal of literature.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS HELP

We have the most delightful lot of correspondents who sit down and write us long letters full of information which we wish we could pass on entire to our readers. Space makes that impossible, and yet we can't in conscience just pocket their suggestions. As the only way out of the difficulty we print bits chosen here and there from their communications. Irene Fisher, of the *Albuquerque Tribune*, Albuquerque, N. M., writes us that she is an enthusiastic student of Southwestern Literature, and suggests that *J. A. B. of Wichita Falls*, who asked us recently for books on New Mexico, should read Harvey Fergusson's RIO GRANDE (Knopf), Erna Fergusson's DANCING GODS (Knopf), and Ruth Laughlin Barker's CABALLEROS (Appleton-Century). The source book for the Indian, she adds, is the Bureau of Ethnology reports. We ourself have just been reading more than if we had had any regard for our time we should have of Calvin Ross's forthcoming SKY DETERMINES (Macmillan), a study of New Mexico in the light of the effect of its climate upon its landscape, flora and fauna, and inhabitants. We found it a fascinating book. But to return to the suggestions of our readers. Professor Joseph Jastrow sends us word that we should have mentioned to *A. H. R. of Marblehead, Mass.*, who wanted books on good and evil, THE ETHICS OF HERCULES (Knopf), by R. C. Givler. "It is," he says, "a suggestive and original treatment of the problem from the point of view of a naturalistic ethics. In addition it gives an inventory of the varied uses of good and evil, right and wrong, amounting to several times the conventional varieties. Good has a richer vocabularly than evil logically; doubtless the devil is more ingenious than his moralistic counterpart." Here's a chance, while we're quoting Professor Jastrow, to tell our readers to be on the lookout for his book which is to be published within a few months. It is juicy reading, being full of odd (scientific) information as to queer illusions of mankind and has fascinating pictures which elucidate the text. While we're playing around the edge of the magical and strange, let us make our profound apologies to Houghton Mifflin for having credited Grillot de Givry's WITCHCRAFT, MAGIC AND ALCHEMY to its English publishers, Harrap, instead of to the American. We read it in the English edition, hence our mistake. Well, that's as far as we can get today with our correspondents' letters. We're saving up others for a later date.

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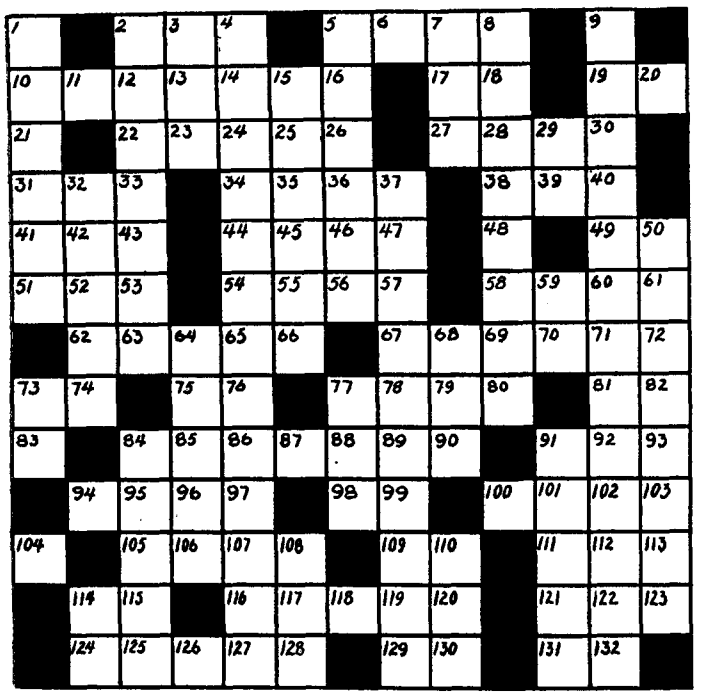
Double-Crostics: Number 6

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-two words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered (these numbers appear at the beginning of each definition) and you are thereby able to tell how many letters are in the required word. When you have guessed a word each letter is to be written in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram.



When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

Either before (preferably) or after placing the letters in their squares you should write the words you have guessed on the blank lines which appear to the right in the column headed WORDS. The initial letters of this list of words spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

DEFINITIONS

I. 86-51-34-67-48-118-125. Worthless matter.
II. 85-124-5-53. Was under obligation.
III. 94-110-65-108-50-75. A Shakespearean clown.
IV. 99-107-31-13-43-61-57. Any one of the Pre-Raphaelites.
V. 29-63-84-90-16-7-15-74. Acted as arbiter.
VI. 14-1-98-28-56-66-78. First bishop of Ephesian church.
VII. 87-120-10-128-44-111. Came to pass.
VIII. 89-77-12-117-47-37-3. A nautical competition.
IX. 19-45-116-54. Form of words constituting declaration.
X. 49-32-112-81-132. Cultivated seed-bearing grass.
XI. 109-60-27-73-83. Specified, denominated.
XII. 23-39-121-102-69-17-97. Extreme in degree.
XIII. 92-21-79-62. Absence of object desired.
XIV. 72-68-20-93-122-131. A celebrated Indian.
XV. 105-9-26-59-2-95-76. Novel by Henry Williamson.
XVI. 101-55-22-130-52-30-36. Hero of famous crime stories.
XVII. 126-4-41-103-18-114-91. A tumor of a bone.
XVIII. 80-25-71-113-58-115-8. To break into splinters.
XIX. 104-64-96-40-35-70. Unnecessarily long (as of a story).
XX. 11-24-127-88-129. Famous member of Byrd's first expedition.
XXI. 100-42-38-46-119-123. Pure in style, refined (as of art).
XXII. 33-6-106-82. Hero of a Meredith novel.

WORDS

I. _____
II. _____
III. _____
IV. _____
V. _____
VI. _____
VII. _____
VIII. _____
IX. _____
X. _____
XI. _____
XII. _____
XIII. _____
XIV. _____
XV. _____
XVI. _____
XVII. _____
XVIII. _____
XIX. _____
XX. _____
XXI. _____
XXII. _____

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (NUMBER 5)

EDWIN A. ROBINSON—"THE MASTER"

The face we see was never young,
Nor could it wholly have been old.
. . . . . .
The saddest among Kings of earth,
Bowed with a galling crown, this man
Met rancor with a cryptic mirth,
Laconic and Olympian.

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

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SPORTS LODGE, $2 per day including excellent meals; bath, all modern conveniences, tennis court, canoes, boat, private beach and dock; run by college grads. Beecher Lodge, Budd Lake, N. J.

SPRING FEVER? Don't write Mr. Canby. Write for our booklet. It's illustrated. Or drop in for a treatment. SILVERMINE TAVERN & GALLERIES, Silvermine, Norwalk, Conn. Telephone Norwalk 2300.

IN EXCEPTIONALLY nice old house, sunny 3-room and garden apartment. Also drawing-room floor apartment, 3 spacious rooms and kitchen, view lovely gardens front and rear. Attic apartment with possibilities. On Brooklyn Heights; quiet, cool, 5 minutes to Wall St. All subways 3 minutes. Telephone TRiangle 5-0335.

PERSONABLE practical young pianiste approaching stark summer months; needs work of any description, any eastern locality; additional talents. References. Box 667.

VERSATILE woman fond of outdoors, books, etc., seeks genteel individual of similar propensities. Box 668.

YOUNG GENTLEMAN, 26, would be capable, understanding travelling companion. Neat appearance. Long residence abroad. Or would escort group to Europe. Box 669.

SOUTHERN GIRL, M.A., wishes position in Manhattan this summer. Box 670.

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IF YOU are a good-natured, foot-loose man of forty or fifty or sixty interested in a variety of things including the intellectual companionship of a well educated fun-loving woman, why not write about yourself and your interests to G. M.?

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IS THERE a middle-aged man—sensible, but not soggy, responsive, but not mushy—who would write to woman old enough to be understanding, young enough to be interesting, who loves people and places, books and animals? Southern Widow.

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PERSONALS

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WHO in the dangerous thirties wishes correspondence with an amiable, attractive, and accountable pedagogue? Janet.

IF Mr. D. Cillié of Capetown, who wished correspondence, will send us his exact address, there are many letters in the *Review* office which will be forwarded to him. Editor.

OF COURSE Will Shakespeare lived and loved and wrote—despite opinions to the contrary expressed in this column by George Frisbee. As proof, we are publishing a romantic life of Shakespeare entitled "Two Loves I Have" by the Shakespearian authority, Clara Longworth de Chambrun (Comtesse de Chambrun). J. B. Lippincott Company.

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SECRETARY-STENOGRAPHER, Washington, with experience in making translations from French, Spanish, Portuguese and German, would like position or spare-time work utilizing such ability. Box 682.

YOUNG MAN, 25, single, marooned in southwestern town, will do anything to earn living. Experience: publicity writer, Hollywood studio; linotype operator, editor, country weekly; fast accurate typist. Box 681.

SURELY there is somewhere an artist or writer or family man of taste, who would like to escape from heat and noise to the quiet, privacy and comfort of my unusually attractive, completely equipped stone cottage at Great Diamond Island, Casco Bay, Maine, as a solution of the summer problem. Sacrifice price for immediate sale—a bargain not to be overlooked. Or will rent to adults with acceptable references. Owner, 29 Denton Road, Wellesley, Mass.

DID YOU ever see a ghost writing? Well I did! Wanted a job ghost writing. Training short shorts, pulp magazines. Box 364, Newburgh, N. Y. E. S. W.

COLLEGE MAN, 27, experienced librarian, secretary, researcher, teacher, just returned from 5 years abroad, needs position immediately. Good companion, adaptable, well-read, wide interests—even good housekeeper! Box 123Y.

ROVING photographic, writing, or other assignment wanted July-August for expenses. Ulysses.

AUNTIE'S attic yields six Currier and Ives prints. Who is interested? Martha.

FLORENCE HERSELF write Hamlet.

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The AMEN CORNER

"I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety."

Such is the keynote of what the Oxonian considers a very striking volume of poems by a hitherto unknown young English poet which the Oxford University Press[1] brought out not long ago—*The Nettle and the Flower and Other Poems,* by Kenneth Muir. Muir (who was born in London of a Scottish family said to be descended from the Duncan who was murdered by Macbeth) was up at Oxford at the same time as the now famous "new signatures," W. H. Auden, Stephen Spender, Cecil Day Lewis, but he never met them. But he did meet the present Poet Laureate, John Masefield, and acted for him in *The Comedy of Errors*[2] and *The Ghost of Abel,* by William Blake.[3]

A critic in the *St. Paul Daily News* writes: "Kenneth Muir is a new name . . . and it is, I feel sure, the name of a young man of great poetic talent; it may be genius . . . much to attract and stimulate and admire . . . the young poet is fortunate in his publishers and the lovely format they have given his work. The heavy vellum cover with its attractive design, the honest, full-bodied paper, and the craftsmanlike typography, set skillfully on a well-filled page, neither crowded nor padded—all is adequate, satisfying to a lover of formal beauty. . . . Mr. Muir's interest in metrical and stanzaic craftsmanship is evident from first to last. . . . But I do him wrong by dwelling first on formal qualities. This little volume is produced by a fusion of poet and philosopher, feeler and thinker, such as in English has never been long silent . . ." And Mr. William Rose Benét lately remarked in an adjoining column of this Review that Muir "succeeds in convincing me that he is a young man to watch . . . refreshingly new . . . he seems to be working through rhythmic experiments toward something new in form."

It was Mr. Benét who also said of another volume of new poems from the Oxford Press — *Transvaluations,* by J. Redwood Anderson,[4] that "the man's quality immediately becomes apparent. . . . his is a book for the discriminating."

Another interesting new volume just published is *The Wilderness, and Select Short Poems,* by F. Buchanan.[5]

And then there is *The Modern Muse,*[6] a new anthology which should be the standard anthology of modern verse by contemporary writers in English throughout the world. It includes poets of England, the United States, and all the British Colonies and Dominions — and, of course, the Irish Free State.

THE OXONIAN.

OUR BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH: *The Nettle and the Flower, by Kenneth Muir.* $2.00.

(1) 114 Fifth Avenue. (2) The *Oxford Shakespeare* in 1 vol., $2.00. (3) Blake's *Poetical Works* in the *Oxford Standard Authors,* $1.50. Write for a list of the series. (4) $2.50. (5) $1.50. (6) $2.00.

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Trade Winds

By P. E. G. QUERCUS

THE BOOKSELLERS' CONVENTION

Breaking swift into a blaze of cocktails and book-gab the two day convention of the American Booksellers' Association opened Sunday, April 29, at the Hotel Montclair, New York City. The repeal of prohibition and the passage of the retail book code brought together the largest gay and happy flock of tome-peddlers since the halcyon days of 1929. Still shocked by the realization that books published within six months, must only be sold at regular publishers' prices, the booksellers dashed about in dazed fashion asking each other whether these facts are true. This convention, too, establishes a record in the fact that none of the members came to the meeting with a grievance. The speeches were short, pungent, and to the point, giving visiting members sufficient time to greet old friends and to meet new ones. Members came from as far west as Dallas, Texas.

The main purpose was to discuss the code, but the convention got away to a good start at a cocktail party Sunday afternoon. The Quercus associates observed the convention in relays, which accounts for the mixture of styles in our report.

First highlight: the attendance was not only large, but it included important booksellers who hadn't been present at the last few years' conventions, like J. M. DeWolfe of DeWolfe, Fiske, Boston. Among many others in evidence: Marcella Burns Hahner of Chicago, Charlie Jackson and Harry Korner of Cleveland, George and Howard Jacobs, Ted McCawley, and Benny Freud of the Philadelphia region, Jim Braim, Chris Ronne, and Mr. DeWolfe, from Boston . . . Alice Stockell from Nashville, Chris Grauer from Buffalo . . . the Travers of Trenton, John Kidd, and the famous Marions, Dodd and Bacon.

In the mad periods between the regular business sessions your reporter found Beebe and Pattee, Macmillan gals swapping yarns with Sanford Cobb, P. W. reporter. The ace selling team Beasley and Beer, Britannica, pinch-hitting at the meeting, the former taking in the A. M. session the latter the night cap. Tall Fred Melcher and his orange neckpiece dashing about with shouts of greetings and welcome to many friends. Marcia Passage, the Van Duyms, Miss Ennis, the Doubleday-Doran retail group, quaffing a few cocktails. Veronica Hutchinson, Halle Bros., Cleveland; Polly Street, Morrow; Carolyn Marx, World-Telegram; Louis Greene, Publishers' Weekly; and many others holding up the bar at the Montclair.

Social life on Sunday: after the cocktail party on the roof, smaller parties in the rooms . . . Alice Stockell, Charlie McLean, Veronica Hutchinson, Jack Mullen, and Lambert Grant partook of iced beverages with the staff of a prominent literary review in Room 851. And so to dinner, and to the Alan Villiers movie, *By Way of Cape Horn.*

Monday morning: the business meeting got under way at nine-thirty, with the code discussions. Cedric Crowell, having already spent two weeks talking about the code, showed what a man of resource he is by thinking up some brand new things to say about it. He went over the ground covered in getting the code through, beginning with the somewhat disheartening first arrival in Washington, when he and his confrères were conducted to the aquarium "to see the other poor fish." Later, however, he learned the technique of looking like a veteran Washingtonian (this involved the process of knowing where to leave his hat). He described how the code, when drawn, had to be submitted to five boards, and go through three stages of executive approval. . . .

Mr. Heinritz, member of the Consumers' Advisory Board assigned to the booksellers' code, made some interesting points. To begin with, the code, as originally presented, was of an unpopular type, inviting adverse public sentiment; in its price maintenance feature, it went counter to the policy of the NRA. The result is a compromise and an experiment. Mr. Heinritz gave four reasons why the code was adopted: first, the fact that every new book is a monopoly protected by copyright; second, the short active life of the usual current book; third, the seasonal character of the book trade; fourth, the social advantages of a well run, well stocked bookstore. The bookseller should accept the social implications of his profession, and consider himself in the class with public utilities, recognizing his public responsibilities.

Like Mr. Crowell, Mr. Heinritz emphasized the point that the success of the code depends on consumer acceptance. The bookseller must prove to the consumer that he is not being obliged to pay list prices for new books without the return of a valuable service. He prophesied a longer average life for new books under the code, and a big bargain month every January.

The morning session continued with a talk by Frank Howard of Dutton on Why Some Good Books Don't Sell. Al Crone of the *Publishers' Weekly,* on The New Significance of the A. B. A., traced the history of the association since it was founded in 1901 to oppose unfair competition.

Adjournment for lunch: again the impression of an overwhelming majority of booksellers over publishers; the remark heard everywhere that this was the most successful and cheerful convention in the memory of—at least—any of the younger members. Frank Magel, Cedric Crowell, Ted McCawley, Alfred Carhart, and Mr. Heinritz at one table; the S. R. L. staff at another, plying with sustenance our staff photographer, Bob Disraeli, who had been up all night developing the pictures he took at the Sunday session of the convention, for the amazement and edification of the assembly at dinner Monday night.

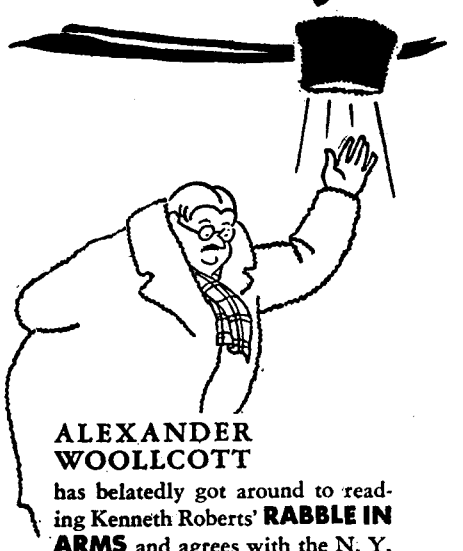
Two more speeches Monday afternoon. O. J. Libert, deputy administrator, NRA, assigned to the booksellers' code, predicted that the trade's main problems will disappear under code operation, basing this on the operation of other codes . . . Karl Placht of Beacon Book Shop, concluding the session, summed up the feelings of all the trade in a good fight talk.

Final event, election of new A. B. A. officers: E. S. McCawley of Haverford, Pa., as President; Ernest Eisele of B. Westermann, New York, Treasurer; and A. B. Carhart of Brooklyn, present incumbent, reelected as Secretary. Vice-Presidents, John Howells of San Francisco, J. W. Sutton of Urbana, Charles Campbell of Portland.

And so to press.

MESSRS. CHARLES CAMPBELL, FRANK MAGEL, FRED MELCHER, AND GREENWOOD (OF CHICAGO)
Photograph taken by Robert Disraeli at the Booksellers' Convention

jottings from our own Diary



ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

has belatedly got around to reading Kenneth Roberts' **RABBLE IN ARMS** and agrees with the N. Y. *Times* and many others about this book. He Shouts and Murmurs in the last *New Yorker:*

"If you would read as fine an historical novel as this country ever produced, I hereby throw this old fedora into its accustomed place in the air in honor this time of *Rabble in Arms,* by Kenneth Roberts."

RABBLE IN ARMS marches as steadily on to its final victory as that ragged army it tells of, which beat Gentleman Johnny Burgoyne at Saratoga. And with it march its great companions, THE LIVELY LADY and ARUNDEL, also by Kenneth Roberts, the three, in uniform editions, at all bookstores, $2.50 each.

WALTER LIPPMANN

in a recent *Herald Tribune* said, in discussing the recent, startling Japanese Declarations, that, since we are withdrawing from the Philippines, and have no special interest in the Asiatic mainland, it would therefore "in the present situation, seem to be the part of wisdom to let the powers most directly concerned take the leadership in it."

May we respectfully call Mr. Lippmann's attention to this sobering conclusion on page 315 of the recently published **EMPIRE IN THE EAST** that says, "The United States cannot extricate itself from the Far Eastern welter. It was drawn into it by its own social evolution, and all the evidence of the last few years is that it is getting in deeper. Our society being what it is, we can only stay in, with the consequence that the conflict already set in will develop until it comes to the climax of formal wars."

Written in a liberal spirit by the people best qualified to write such a book, and with iron conclusions that no one foresaw when the book was started, EMPIRE IN THE EAST is said to be, "a book that makes you think furiously" and "a turning point in our realization of our great future problem." ($3.25.)

STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT'S

beautiful new novel **JAMES SHORE'S DAUGHTER** is a seemingly casual book, so casual that you do not get the full force of it until after you have read it and remembered it—and then you go back to read it again. Like *The Great Gatsby,* we think *James Shore's Daughter* will grow in your memory. And don't forget that this is a good time to re-read Stephen Vincent Benét's JOHN BROWN'S BODY. (Each $2.50.)

DOUBLEDAY, DORAN

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